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Excursion

Putnam Phalanx.

1859.

Lieut P. D. Pelton.

Compliments of

Wm F. J. Goodman

of

N. D. C.

May 20th. 1889

Founded Aug. 15 1858.
PUTNAM PHALANX
HE dared to LEAD
DARED TO
Where ANY
FOLLOW.

EXCURSION

OF THE

PUTNAM PHALANX

TO

BOSTON, CHARLESTOWN AND PROVIDENCE,

OCTOBER 4TH, 5TH, 6TH AND 7TH,

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1859.

HARTFORD, CONN:
PUBLISHED BY THE PHALANX.
1859.

12/30/74

PRINTED AT HARTFORD, CONN.,

BY CASE, LOCKWOOD & CO.

PREFATORY.

THE Putnam Phalanx, deſirous of putting in permanent form a Complete Record of their recent Excurſion to Boſton, Charleſtown and Providence, confided the taſk of its preparation for publication to one who is not a member of their Organization. With him the labor has been one of careful collation and of furniſhing ſuch thread of narrative as was neceſſary to connect the various Addreſſes and more important Incidents of the Excurſion, which were extenſively reported in the Journals of the day. In a publication emanating from the Phalanx, it has ſeemed proper to avoid particular comment upon the performances of individuals, and generally to omit the enthuſiaſtic encomiums of the preſs which were laviſhed upon the prominent members of the Organization. It is but ſimply juſt that the entire credit of theſe journeyings, and of the brilliant ſeries of receptions, ſhould be attributed to the Battalion as a body—not forgetting thoſe courteous and hoſpitable friends in the Cities viſited, whoſe unwearied efforts and attentions contributed ſo largely to the ſucceſs, as well as pleaſure of the Excurſion.

Care has been taken to obtain reviſed copies of the Addreſſes from the various Speakers. The thanks of the Putnam Phalanx are reſpectfully and cordially tendered to Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, for the beautiful poem on *General Putnam*, and to George H. Clark, Eſq., for the exquiſite lines upon the affecting incident at Mooſup—both of which were kindly furniſhed expreſſly for this publication.

R.

Hartford, November, 1859.

GENERAL PUTNAM.

GREAT Soul, and brave, 'tis good to think of thee,
And with a filial reverence raiſe the veil
From patriot valor, that ne'er ſought of Fame
Her clarion-payment.

See we not again,
The unfiniſhed furrow, the forſaken home,
The flying ſteed, urg'd by thy ſleepleſs heart
That throbb'd indignant o'er a ſmother'd ſound,—
The cry of *Lexington?*

That echoed cry
Rous'd a young nation from its lingering ſleep
To ruſh againſt the force of tyrant power,
Time-conſecrated, and with ſling and ſtone
Defy the giant.

Bunker Hill records
Thy ſtern o'ermaſtery of the battle-ſtorm,
The deep memorial of thy dauntleſs deeds
That bore the ſpirit of a trampled land,
Through this red preface of her liberty.

Hark!—from the heaving of yon burial ſods
Where ſleep our Country's champions, comes a voice
Demanding for thy name its juſt reward
Too long withheld.—Of Hiſtory it demands
That lingering truth ſhould light her lettered ſcroll,
And ſummons tardy man to ſet thy fame
In ſculptured marble, that recording ſtars
May read it clearly from their ſilver thrones,
And liſping children from its tablet learn
What patriot virtue means.

L. H. S.

EXCURSION.

AT a Special Meeting of the Putnam Phalanx, held at their Armory on the evening of September 18th, it was unanimouſly reſolved that the Phalanx as a body ſhould make a Pilgrimage to Bunker Hill, and a brief viſit to Boſton, Charleſtown and Providence. *Quarter-Maſter* Strong proceeded to thoſe places to make the neceſſary arrangements, and at a ſubſequent meeting, the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th days of October were ſelected as the time for the propoſed Excurſion. After due conſideration, the Phalanx decided to invite but two perſons to accompany them as Gueſts of the Battalion, viz: his Excellency Governor Buckingham, and ex-Governor Seymour, of Connecticut. To the great regret of the Organization, the Secretary received the following letters, reſpectfully declining the invitation:

FROM GOVERNOR BUCKINGHAM.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, }
Executive Department. }
Norwich, September 30th, 1859.

J. M. SEXTON, Esq.,
Sec. Putnam Phalanx,

Dear Sir: I have the pleaſure of acknowledging your favor of the 28th inſt., conveying the invitation of the Putnam Phalanx to be their gueſt during an Excurſion to Boſton and Providence, and beg you to aſſure that diſtinguiſhed body that it would give me great

pleaſure to be with them a portion of the time; but an engagement in Philadelphia on the 4th, 5th and 6th of Oct. muſt deprive me of ſuch high gratification. You will alſo aſſure them that I highly appreciate the honor of ſuch an invitation and that their ſentiments of regard as expreſſed by you are cordially reciprocated.

I am with great reſpect your obedient ſervant,

WM. A. BUCKINGHAM.

From ex–Gov. Seymour.

Hartford, Oct. 3d, 1859.

Dear Sir: I am in the receipt of your eſteemed favor of the 28th *ult.*, inviting me, in behalf of the Putnam Phalanx, to become their gueſt on their contemplated Excurſion to Bunker Hill. In reply, I regret to ſtate that circumſtances will prevent me from having that honor. Several engagements of an unavoidable kind requiring my preſence in Hartford, or New York, during the time the Phalanx will neceſſarily occupy on their way to and from Boſton, Bunker Hill, and the other places they will viſit, forbid the pleaſure of accepting their friendly invitation.

The unanimous vote of the Phalanx making me their gueſt for the coming Excurſion, adds another to the deep obligations I am under to your Honorable Aſſociation, and calls for a renewal of my grateful acknowledgments, which, I beg you will have the goodneſs of preſenting to the Battalion, in my behalf.

Hoping the moſt favorable circumſtances will attend your footſteps to the *Holy places*, and bring you all ſafely back to us, where a hearty welcome will await you, I have the honor to be your faithful fellow-citizen and very obedient ſervant,

THO. H. SEYMOUR.

Horace Goodwin, Esq.,
Major Com't Putnam Phalanx.

THE DEPARTURE.

On the morning of Tuefday, October 4th, the Phalanx aſſembled in full force and uniform at their Armory, and ſhortly after eleven o'clock, marched to the Station, under command of *Major Com't* Goodwin, and accompanied by their Drum Band. The following is the Muſter-Roll of the Battalion:

OFFICERS OF THE PUTNAM PHALANX.

HORACE GOODWIN, *Major Commandant.*

Gen. Lloyd E. Baldwin acting *Adjutant* for the Excurſion, by appointment of the *Major Commandant.*

STAFF OFFICERS.

Joſeph D. Williams, *Adjutant;* Eugene B. Strong, *Quarter-Maſter;* James B. Croſby, *Pay-Maſter;* Benning Mann, *Commiſſary;* Henry C. Deming, *Aſſiſtant Commiſſary;* I. W. Stuart, *Judge Advocate;* Aſher Moore, *Chaplain;* Thomas Miner, *Surgeon;* D. P. Francis, *Aſſiſtant Surgeon;* William Iſham, *Sergeant-Major;* Charles T. Martin, *Quarter-Maſter Sergeant;* Julius M. Sexton, *Secretary.*

OFFICERS OF FIRST COMPANY.

Allyn S. Stillman, *Captain;* James B. Shultas, *1ſt Lieut.;* T. M. Allyn, *2d Lieut.;* Allyn Goodwin, *Enſign;* Geo. W. Hayden, *1ſt Serg't;* C. C. Burt, *2d Serg't;* S. E. Marſh, *3d Serg't;* Samuel Alexander, *4th Serg't;* H. S. Larkum, *1ſt Corp'l;* Edmund Hurlburt, *2d Corp'l;* H. L. Brown, *3d Corp'l;* L. M. Bacon, *4th Corp'l.*

OFFICERS OF SECOND COMPANY.

Alexander M. Gordon, *Captain;* O. D. Seymour, *1ſt Lieut.;* J. H. Aſhmead, *2d Lieut.;* Wm. J. Denſlow, *Enſign;* Edward Norton, *1ſt Serg't;* J. L. Wilder, *2d Serg't;* J. M. Greenleaf, *3d Serg't;* N. G. Hinckley, *4th Serg't;* J. H. Williams, *1ſt Corp'l;* T. C. Allyn, *2d Corp'l;* F. A. Cary, *3d Corp'l;* John T. Fenn, *4th Corp'l.*

Otis Smith, *Standard Bearer.*

Color Guard.—A. W. Birge, Hez. Huntington, H. L. Miller, Chas. B. Smith, Col. Sam'l Colt, E. D. Tiffany, C. C. Stetſon.

Privates.

N. R. Alford, J. H. Auſtin, Geo. Burnham, Albert Barrows, Wm. H. Bradley, H. B. Beach, Henry Bolles, Horace Billings, J. C. Bartlett, A. W. Birge, Hiram Biſſell, John H. Brainard, Leverett Brainard, Lloyd E. Baldwin, E. J. Baſſett, Wm. N. Bowers, L. M. Beaumont, C. M. Bidwell, W. F. J. Boardman, S. S. Bolles, A. L. Cooley, A. E. Clapp, E. W. Clark, D. C. Corniſh, Sam'l Colt, A. Chicheſter, Julius Catlin, Caleb Clapp, W. P. Chamberlin, W. R. Chapman, Moſes Cook, John L. Cook, A. L. Cady, S. D. Crane, H. W. Conklin, Wm. M. Charter, Jos. Davis, Wm. H. Dobie, H. D. Downing, O. M. Drake, Gaylord Dowd, Wm. J. Denſlow, Jr., A. D. Euſon, Oliver Ellſworth, Frederick Ellſworth, Irad Edwards, J. M. Farnham, Wm. Frazier, John I. Farwell, Walter Fox, Amos Fowler, E. G. Francis, J. B. Green, J. T. Gorton, John M. Groſs, Edward Goodman, C. H. Goodman, F. L. Gleaſon, A. C. Griſwold, Francis Gowdey, W. R. Hopkins, W. C. Higley, W. H. Henderſon, Sam'l Hubbard, D. L. Hayden, M. O. Hills, Cheſter Hebard, Hezekiah Huntington, John S. Huffey, H. D. Haſtings, E. P. Harrington, H. P. Hubbard, H. Sidney Hayden, Thos. R. Haſkell, A. P. Jordan, Pliny Jewell, Jr., E. N. Kellogg, Hawley Kellogg, Henry Kennedy, S. B. Kendall, F. T. Lucas, W. B. Leonard, Jas. Loomis, 2d., Marinus Lord, James Lockwood, Geo. Marſh, J. H. Moſt, Rob't McCriſtie, H. L. Miller, D. A. Mills, Jas. T. Pratt, Dan'l B. Phelps, Chas. Parſons, Guy R. Phelps, R. R. Phelps, L. F. Pariſh, Jos. Pratt, Oliver Pariſh, A. P. Pitkin, L. K. Parſons, Dan'l Potter, R. P. Pratt, Daniel Phillips, Rawſon Read, Horatio Root, E. M. Roberts, Wm. S. Ramſey, H. B. Rhodes, J. M. Riggs, J. T. Roberts, W. K. Ranney, Gurdon Robbins, Jr., John G. Root, Timothy Sheldon, C. C. Stetſon, J. H. Sharp, Otis Smith, Francis Swan, Maſon Smith, Chas. B. Smith, Geo. G. Sill, Milo Shepardſon, Eliſha Smith, Wm. H. Seymour, Stiles D. Sperry, James Spencer, J. K. Southmayd, Alvin Squires, William Tuller, E. B. Thomas, E. D. Tiffany, S. S. Thompſon, Geo. C. Waſhburn, Geo. L. Way, J. W. Weeks, R. R. White, V. W. Whiting, Horace Waters, Everett Wilcox, W. F.

Whittlefey, H. W. Wright, J. K. Wheeler, Wm. J. Whipple, S. A. White, Wm. Wright, C. C. Waite, H. L. Whiting.

Honorary Members.

A. E. Burr, Thos. Belknap, F. A. Brown, J. Watfon Beach, Geo. Brinley, Putnam Brinley, E. H. Brinley, Newton Carter, Geo. H. Clark, Ezra Clark, Jr., H. K. Carter, J. W. Danforth, Lorenzo Daniels, S. A. Enfign, Wm. P. Fay, Horace Freeman, Jas. M. Goodwin, E. T. Goodrich, Wm. Jas. Hamerfley, Chas. I. Hills, W. M. B. Hartley, Henry Keeney, W. H. Kelfey, E. T. Lobdell, Geo. S. Lincoln, Charles Lincoln, Uriah Litchfield, J. M. B. McNary, Geo. W. Moore, C. H. Northam, Solomon Porter, Timothy Porter, L. F. Robinfon, L. Rowell, Benj. D. Rockwell, D. A. Rood, Burrall Sage, Wm. B. Smith, Sam'l G. Savage, Thos. H. Seymour, Sam'l L. Talcott, E. B. Watkinfon, Sam'l Woodruff, A. A. Williams, E. W. Williams, Henry Williams, Wm. L. Wood.

Volunteers for the Excursion.

W. S. Roberts, *ex-Capt. Hartford Light Guard;* Geo. S. Burnham, *Col. 1ft Reg. Conn. Militia; ex-Major* A. E. Birge; Geo. A. Burnham, *ex-Capt. Seymour Light Artillery;* Julius L. Rathbun; H. D. Tarbell; G. Stillman; A. H. Benjamin; H. Enfworth, *Adjutant 1ft Reg. Conn. Militia;* F. P. Lepard.

Drum Band.

H. T. Chapin, Nathan L. Robinfon, J. M. Perry, Almon H. Bruce, S. G. Wilcox, D. H. Wilcox, L. C. Miner, Rob't Mofeley, Thos. M. Perkins, James Stone.

Camp Attendants.

Henry Hector, J. F. Rodney, J. L. Cambridge.

The Phalanx never appeared in better drill and difcipline, nor attracted more attention at any of their previous parades than on their march to the Station. At this point, a large Crowd was aflembled to witnefs their departure. Three of the paffenger and two of the baggage cars of the long train were fpecially appropriated

to the Battalion and were completely filled. The train ſtarted at the regular hour, and as the cars left the Station, cheer after cheer roſe from the Crowd of friends whoſe warmeſt wiſhes for the complete ſucceſs of the Excurſion and ſafe return of the Battalion accompanied them. At Windſor Locks, a gun ſaluted the paſſing train; at Springfield, the Depot was thronged with people anxious to ſee the Phalanx; at Worceſter, and all along the route at every Station, the Phalanx was greeted with throngs of appreciative ſpectators — happy auguries of the Reception that awaited them at Boſton.

THE ARRIVAL AT BOSTON.

The train by which the Phalanx was to arrive was due at the Worceſter Depot at half paſt four o'clock, and at that hour the ſtation and adjoining ſtreets were thronged with people. The train, however, was ſo heavily loaded that it did not arrive till twelve minutes paſt five. The rear cars which contained the Battalion were immediately ſurrounded by an enthuſiaſtic crowd, anxious to catch the firſt ſight of the Corps which came out from the Depot on Kneeland ſtreet, amid the booming of cannon fired by the Light Artillery Company, *Capt.* O. F. Nims, and marched from there in ſingle file to Lincoln ſtreet, on the ſouth ſide of Kneeland, where they formed as a Battalion, and marched to Beach ſtreet, in front of the United States Hotel, where they were greeted with continuous cheers, and where the Mayor and numerous Municipal officers and citizens were in waiting to tender a formal Reception and Welcome. Much credit is due to the admirable and efficient arrangements of the Boſton Police, by means of which

the ſpace in front of the Hotel was kept open for the evolutions of the Phalanx. When the Battalion was drawn up in line, Mayor Lincoln, accompanied by the City Officers and others, appeared upon the ſteps of the Hotel and was introduced to the Corps by Oliver Ellſworth, Eſq.,—formerly of Hartford and now a reſident of Boſton—a member of the Phalanx. The Mayor was received with a ſalute by the Drum Band—the Battalion preſenting arms: after which his Honor welcomed the Putnam Phalanx to Boſton in the following addreſs:

MAYOR LINCOLN'S WELCOME.

Mr. Commander:—It affords me great ſatisfaction to welcome you and the Battalion under your command to the City of Boſton. Our citizens are often gratified with the viſits of military friends from other Cities or States of the Union, but it is many years ſince we were honored by the preſence of a Corps from the good State of Connecticut or the City of Hartford. I welcome you in my official capacity as Mayor of the City, and on one account I wiſh we were aſſembled at our City Hall, for I could point you to a ſpot which has aſſociations as dear to you, Natives of Connecticut, as it is to us, Sons of Maſſachuſetts. From the windows of our City Hall we look into the moſt ancient of our burial places; within its ſacred encloſure is a tomb where reſt the remains of a Father and Son. The Father was the firſt Governor of Maſſachuſetts Bay, the ſon held a ſimilar poſition in your own infant Colony. While we boaſt with pride of the virtues and ſervices of the elder Winthrop, you render a ſimilar tribute to the younger. Together their aſhes are mingled in the common duſt.

The union and community of intereſt, thus ſymbolized in our early Chief Magiſtrates, has always exiſted between the people of our reſpective Commonwealths. Together they ſtood, ſhoulder to ſhoulder, when we were feeble Colonies, in the ſtruggles with the Indian Tribes in the Old French War, and in the glorious Revolutionary conteſt, which achieved the Independence of the Nation.

You appear to us to-day, not only as Sons of Connecticut, but in

the military coſtume of the Revolutionary era. In your dreſs and martial bearing, you would remind us of the peerleſs Waſhington and the Fathers of the Republic. You recall to our memories the Patriots who defended their country in the time of peril, and left us the priceleſs inheritance which we now enjoy.

To deſignate your Corps, you have taken the name and inſcribed on your banner that noble Revolutionary Hero, who, like the Roman Cincinnatus, left his plow in the field to haſten to the relief of his ſtruggling Countrymen. With the brave, he was the braveſt, for it was ſaid of Putnam that "he dared to lead where any dared to follow."

Repreſenting as you do, gentlemen, by your peculiar Organization, the Revolutionary period, we bid you welcome to the ſcenes of its earlieſt conflicts. The part the old Town of Boſton took in that Conteſt makes one of the moſt important pages in its Hiſtory. You come as Pilgrims to its Holy Shrines; may you find that the Deſcendants are worthy of their Sires, and that the Principles of Liberty here promulgated by the Fathers, are ſtill held dear by their Sons.

Your Charter Oak has fallen to the ground. A ſimilar fate may await our Faneuil Hall, and it may crumble to the earth; but the principles which gave them their glory ſhall never die, but ſhall continue unimpaired through the march of Ages and the progreſs of Time.

Again I unite with the Citizens of Boſton here aſſembled, and give you a moſt cordial greeting and welcome.

Major Goodwin then introduced *Judge Advocate* Stuart, who responded to the Mayor's welcome in the following words:

Response of Judge Advocate Stuart.

Your Honor Mayor Lincoln:—For the preſent manifeſtation of your courteſy, for the kind and eloquent words of welcome with which you, Sir, have greeted the Putnam Phalanx, they return you their heartfelt thanks. We come hither, organized, as your Honor perceives, as a peculiar Corps, to ſeek in your City, and in its precincts, peculiar enjoyment. We come as a Battalion organized, not only for the purpoſe of commemorating that early Paſt to which you

have ſo eloquently referred, but alſo, and more eſpecially, to aid in invigorating the glorious memories of that Revolution in which Boſton played ſo conſpicuous and leading a part—to which not only your City, but Maſſachuſetts all, Connecticut, New England all, more than any other portion of our common Country, devoted, without ſtint, their blood and their treaſure—and which, through each one of its magnificent reſults, comes knocking daily for gratitude at the heart of every inhabitant of this Union.

We ſeek, Sir, the ſhrines of an Otis, a Thacher, a Hancock, a Quincy, an Adams, a Warren, a Preſcott,—of all thoſe noble Patriots and gallant men who here led the van of oppoſition to Great Britain, when that mighty Monarchy commenced her career of aggreſſion upon her American Colonies, and began to launch againſt them the thunderbolts of war.

Not, Sir, that we forget that mighty Paſt which preceded the American Revolution, to which you have ſo impreſſively referred. We do not. We honor and revere the upright and accompliſhed Governor John Winthrop, the Father of the Maſſachuſetts Colony, as he is juſtly termed, and we lay ſpecial claim to the renown of John Winthrop, his ſon, and of John Fitz Winthrop, his grandſon, Governors both of them, as they were, of old Connecticut.

But the Revolutionary Paſt of Boſton—that is what now more immediately concerns our Phalanx. The City over which you preſide, Sir—we know it—it is familiar truth, the world knows it by heart—*was* emphatically the cradle of American Liberty. Here, we are aware, glowed the firſt watchfires, and blazed from your hills the firſt beacon lights that ſummoned America to arms. Here, in venerable Faneuil Hall and in your old State Houſe were poured forth the firſt indignant ſtrains of eloquence and fiery reſolves, which, after the Peace of Paris, greeted with grave ſcorn and ſtern menaces of reſiſtance the opening tyranny of our Motherland. And here, too, within hail of your memorable City—at Lexington, at Concord, at Bunker Hill—was ſhed the earlieſt blood of the Revolution—ſeed-blood, as it proved to be, of the moſt gigantic, perilous, and triumphant ſtruggle for Liberty that the World has ever ſeen.

We of this Phalanx, Sir, therefore feel—under the view I now ſuggeſt—that we ſtand in this City upon conſecrated ground—ground conſecrated by the love and labors not only of thoſe noble Patriots to whom I have already referred, but alſo of many more, who here led

that Revolution which it is our ſpecial object to commemorate. We would look, therefore, upon the localities diſtinguiſhed by their zeal and ſervices. We would gaze upon the ſpot where ſtood that memorable tree whoſe Genius, though inviſible, is ſaid to have always found pens, and ink, and paper, and a hoſt of witneſſes, for every patriotic compact of your Boſton Sons of Liberty.

We would look, yet once again, upon your world-renowned Cradle of Liberty—old Faneuil Hall. We would gaze upon the ſpot where the daring Patriots of Boſton gave ocean-burial to the peſtilential teas. And, eſpecially, we would make our pilgrimage to Bunker Hill—from that hallowed ſpot to catch freſh inſpiration for our Patriotiſm, and there to renew vows of devotion to our beloved Country.

Theſe, Sir, are the main purpoſes of our viſit to Boſton—theſe, and the interchange of pleaſant converſation and courteſies with any who may deſire to hold communion with us.

To the thouſand ſtirring memories which meet and greet us here in this City, we of this Phalanx—with becoming modeſty I ſay it—can add a rich Revolutionary ſtore of our own; for we bring with us from old Connecticut the memories of a Trumbull—that immortal "Rebel" Governor of his day, and of a Sherman, an Ellſworth, a Williams, a Dyer—of that gallant Putnam, to whom your Honor has ſo eloquently referred—of a Hale, a Knowlton, a Spencer, a Douglaſs, and of thirty-one thouſand nine hundred and thirty-one of her Sons, whom, in the times that tried men's ſouls, Connecticut devoted to the battle-fields of their Country.

That we may pleaſantly mingle theſe our Revolutionary aſſociations with thoſe of hiſtoric Boſton, and of the old Bay State, is, Sir, the hearty hope of the Putnam Phalanx.

Mr. Stuart's ſpeech was frequently interrupted with hearty outburſts of applauſe, and at the cloſe the Speaker and the Phalanx were loudly cheered.

The line was then re-formed, and the Battalion marched to the Armory of the Second Battalion of Infantry, in Boyllſton Hall, where they depoſited their guns and partook of the well known hoſpitality of the Infantry. *Major* C. O. Rogers briefly welcomed the Phalanx to the City.

The Second Battalion had ornamented the front of their Armory with ſome ſplendid decorations. In front was an illuminated portrait of Waſhington, over which was the inſcription "1776—Union—1859." Below was the name "Waſhington," between two ſtars. Several lines were ſtretched acroſs Waſhington ſtreet, on which were ſuſpended flags, and ſtreamers, and from a point near the building two lines depended, with Chineſe lanterns attached. (Theſe formed a ſplendid illumination in the evening.) After ſome time ſpent in pleaſant intercourſe and mutual introductions, the Phalanx returned to their Quarters at the United States Hotel, partook of ſupper and devoted the evening to receiving their friends and entertaining new acquaintances. A portion of the Phalanx, by invitation of *Commander* Rogers, viſited the Armory of the Second Battalion of Infantry again in the evening. On their arrival the Drill-Maſter of the Battalion being preſent, the Infantry Officers propoſed to gratify their Gueſts by an exhibition of the Zouave drill. In ten minutes time, about thirty Infantrymen were preſent in uniform and went through with the drill with admirable preciſion and rapidity of movement. Not ſatiſfied with this courteſy, the Officers inſiſted upon a viſit to the "Captain's Office" adjoining the Armory. Here there was a renewal of the hoſpitalities for which the Infantry are ſo famous. *Major* Rogers again expreſſed his gratification at the viſit of the Phalanx. *Capt.* Gordon announced that the command of the members of the Second Company devolved *pro tempore* upon *Second Lieutenant* Aſhmead, who accordingly reſponded briefly. He thanked the Officers of the Second Infantry for this unexpected and

additional pleaſure of the evening. The members of the Phalanx preſent, he remarked, were delighted with the beautiful drill they had juſt witneſſed and warmly appreciated the courteſies of their Hoſts, who had been unremitting in their attentions to the Phalanx during their viſit. After an hour or more of ſocial intercourſe and an examination of the pictures and relics in this beautiful Armory, the viſitors returned to their Head-Quarters for the night.

THE VISIT TO CHARLESTOWN AND BUNKER HILL.

Shortly after nine o'clock on Wedneſday morning, the Charleſtown City Guards, numbering 54 guns, accompanied by the Brigade Band, left their Armory and marched to the Tremont ſtreet Mall of the Common, where a halt was made. A committee was then ſent to the Armory of the Second Battalion, where the Phalanx were under arms, and eſcorted them to the Common, where they were received by the Guards with the cuſtomary military ſalutes. Immediately after, the line of march was taken up, and the Guards with their gueſts proceeded through Tremont, Court, Green and Cauſeway ſtreets to Charleſtown. An open carriage drawn by a beautiful ſpan of grey horſes contained the *Commiſſary*, *Aſſiſtant Commiſſary* and *Judge Advocate*, and after the battalion had proceeded ſome diſtance the *Major Commandant* alſo took a ſeat in it, but reſumed his command at Charleſtown. The entire line of march from Boſton to the Monument grounds was thronged on both ſides with ſpectators, every window ſeemed filled with ſmiling faces of fair ones who waved their welcomes, and as the Phalanx marched along, throughout

the entire line there was moſt vociferous applauſe. The enthuſiaſm along the route of march was poſitively unbounded, and teſtified not only to the popular approbation of the military bearing of the Corps, but alſo to the Patriotic ſympathies and aſſociations which its *tout enſemble* inſpired. The Phalanx reached the Monument grounds at eleven o'clock. For an hour or more before their arrival the grounds were thronged with a large concourſe of Citizens from Charleſtown and Boſton, a goodly portion being ladies. Among the diſtinguiſhed gentlemen preſent were *Commodore* Armſtrong, *Capt.* Hudſon (Commander of the Navy Yard,) *Hon.* Richard Frothingham, Jr., *Hon.* George Waſhington Warren, *Adjt. Gen.* Stone, and ſeveral members of the City Government of Charleſtown.

After marching around the Monument the Companies halted on the north-eaſt ſide of the ſhaft, where a ſquare was formed.

Captain Boyd, of the City Guard, then introduced His Honor *Mayor* Dana of Charleſtown, who proceeded to ſpeak as follows:

[In accordance with a vote of the Phalanx, the Secretary wrote to *Mayor* Dana for a reviſed copy of his ſpeech of welcome, which he ſent accompanied by a note in which he ſays: "The occaſion was one of much intereſt to our Citizens and will mark an era in our Hiſtory. I aſſure you that we appreciate the honor you have paid to our City, in your patriotic pilgrimage to the ſhrine of Bunker Hill. The opportunity of making ſo many pleaſant acquaintances, we regard as among the moſt happy features of the day. We ſhall watch the hiſtory of your Aſſociation with much intereſt; and ſhall not doubt that it will accompliſh the objects and

purpoſes ſo happily alluded to by one of your diſtinguiſhed aſſociates."]

MAYOR DANA'S WELCOME.

Mr. Commander, Officers and Members of the Putnam Phalanx: In behalf of the Municipal Authorities and of our Citizens, it gives me great pleaſure to welcome you to this Monumental City, and this hallowed ſpot—the ſoil of Bunker Hill.

We are proud to welcome to our City a noble body of men ſo largely repreſenting the intelligence, the moral worth, the profeſſional, commercial, mercantile, manufacturing, mechanical, and induſtrial intereſts of our ſiſter State—the good old State of Connecticut—the land of a People proud in the purſuit and fruits of honeſt induſtry, and more proud of the Great Deeds of their Sires in thoſe Colonial ſtruggles which tried their ſouls almoſt as much as that great and final Struggle which ſecured to you and to us the uncounted Political bleſſings we enjoy. We reſpect the pride which you feel as ſons of a State which nearly one hundred years before the war of our Revolution, taking a bold and noble ſtand above her Siſter Colonies, ſcorned and defied the edicts of an unprincipled, cruel and tyrannical ruler, and by the hands of the intrepid Wadſworth reſcued from the minions of the King her ancient Charter, and ſecured it in that noble Oak, whoſe fame will live while a deſcendant of Wyllys remains to mark the Spot where it ſtood. Sir, you do not come up to this conſecrated Pile as ſtrangers. Your Fathers came up here on the 17th of June, 1775, and ſide by ſide with our Fathers, fought that great Battle, the direct reſult of which was the Independence of the Colonies and the Liberty of the Nation. As our Fathers on that great Day welcomed your Fathers, ſo do we, the ſons of Maſſachuſetts, on this auſpicious Day, now welcome you, the ſons of Connecticut, to this ſacred Spot. Here, ſtanding at the baſe of that noble Shaft, which commemorates the valor and the deeds of your Anceſtry and of ours, let us vow, as our Fathers did, to ſtand by and protect each other, againſt foreign foes, or traitors at home, and let us rejoice that we have that great inſtrument, our Conſtitution, our common Shield, which it is our privilege to ſupport and maintain. You come to us, ſir, under a name ever hallowed, ever venerated. If New Hampſhire ſent her Stark, and Maſſachuſetts her WARREN and her PRESCOTT, Connecticut ſent her great Captain, whoſe name you

bear, PUTNAM, the Hero of two wars—the man who feared God and loved his country. Where, if not on this Hill, ſhall the memory of Putnam be held in reverence? Who more than he ſhared the generous confidence of Waſhington—who, more than He, inſpired and encouraged the hearts of the Army? Who, more than he—and let me ſay it with all reſpect to the memory of all the noble Heroes of that great day—contributed to the ſucceſsful reſult of the Battle of Bunker Hill? While Maſſachuſetts claims the honor of his birthplace, his name and reputation are ſafe in the keeping of his adopted State. Look around you, Sir, and behold yonder hills where ſtood the Redoubt which quite encircled our ſiſter City. Much of this was built under the direction of your great Captain, who commanded the centre diviſion of the Army, which was ſtationed near Waſhington's headquarters. Look upon the Barrell Farm, where ſtands Cobble Hill, upon which was the fortification built by Gen. Putnam. Look here upon this Hill, the ſcene of his labors through the eventful Night of the 16th of June. Here ſtands a part of the Fortification which he with his own hands aſſiſted in conſtructing on that ſame night. On that corner of this Square he uttered thoſe memorable words, "Wait till you ſee the whites of their eyes. Take aim at their waiſtbands!" In your ranks, we are told, runs the blood of Putnam and thoſe other Heroes who ſerved under or with him. Their memories are a rich Legacy to be poſſeſſed by you.

The *Major Commandant* introduced *Aſſiſtant Commiſſary* Deming, who reſponded to the Mayor's welcome, as follows:

ASSISTANT COMMISSARY DEMING'S SPEECH AT BUNKER HILL.

Mr. Mayor, Officers of the City Government and Citizens of Charleſtown: The Battalion which has intruded upon your hoſpitality this morning is compoſed, as your Honor has intimated, of perſons in every walk of life. Though eſſentially Military, and conforming to the rules which generally govern a Military Corps, and ready on any emergency to arm for the common defenſe and general welfare, it has other aims, not incompatible, I think, with its martial character. We aim to perpetuate by ſuch ſignificant memorials as its Dreſs, its Name, its Muſic, and its Drill, an important part of the Hiſtoric ante-

cedents of old Connecticut. For a name, we go back to that Warrior-born, who, for ſo long a period, inſpired and marſhaled the warlike energies of the State. Our Dreſs we have ventured to pattern exactly after that coſtume (ſtill preſerved in the Patent Office at Waſhington,) which was worn by the Father of his Country; we march only to Revolutionary muſic; and our drill is, eſſentially, the ſame which the Baron Steuben taught the Connecticut levies in the Camps of the Revolution—the ſame, too, I believe, which was diſplayed when Burgoyne ſurrendered his haughty ſword—the ſame, I know, under which our diſtreſſed Platoons tracked with their bloody feet the ſnows of Valley Forge—the ſame which carried the formidable battlements of Stoney Point, and which was fatal to Cornwallis and his myrmidons at Yorktown's cloſing fight. Before our Organization was complete, before, certainly, we could boaſt of any perfection in our drill, we reſolved on a Pilgrimage of Patriotiſm to this Holy Mount which witneſſed the magnificent opening of the Revolutionary drama. As on the memorable 17th of June our Fathers and yours ſtood here, ſhoulder to ſhoulder, intenſely fraternized by a common peril, it is fitting and proper, as you have intimated, Mr. Mayor, that upon the ſame Spot their Sons ſhould fraternize in common joy, at a common deliverance and a joint inheritance redeemed. You have been pleaſed, Sir, to call our attention to the fortified eminences which encircle this ſpot, to Ploughed Hill, Winter Hill, and Proſpect Hill where the morning after the engagement *Col.* Daniel Putnam found his father engaged in throwing up another Redoubt and Breaſtwork in the pathway of the diſpirited foe. But we wiſh, Mr. Mayor, to be made more familiar with the field upon which we ſtand. The topography of this ſpot has been ſo changed by the march of improvement, that we who have ſtudied it from books alone, find difficulty in diſcovering the preciſe points of this large expanſe conſecrated by the courage and the blood of the Connecticut Detachments. Here, if I am correctly informed, on the ſite of this towering Obeliſk was the Redoubt which firſt partitioned off this hallowed Spot from common earth and gave it to Hiſtory, and there, parallel with its eaſtern face, ſtretched off a hundred yards towards the north the famous Breaſtwork. But our Connecticut eyes, Mr. Mayor, ſearch with more eagerneſs for the Fences ſtuffed with hay that covered the large area, between the termination of the Breaſtwork and the banks of the Myſtic, where Knowlton and Clark and Keys and Cleveland and our brave Three

Hundred ſtood, and GROSVENOR was wounded, and whoſe ſtout reſiſtance ſaved the party in the Redoubt from inſtantaneous extermination and covered its retreat when the powder here was exhauſted. We ſeek that Golgotha, on the ſummit of Bunker Hill over which *Capt.* CHESTER advanced, with his Company, towards the cloſe of the engagement; we ſeek for the Valley of the Shadow of Death into which *Lieut.* WEBB deſcended, "and had no more thought of ever riſing the hill again, than of aſcending to heaven as Elijah did, ſoul and body together." We ſeek the terrible Neck enfiladed by the enemy's frigates, where paſſed backward and forward our heroic Leader bearing the trembling Reinforcements over it on the wings of his ever reſplendent courage. It is to theſe points, Mr. Mayor, accepting thoſe kind proffers of information which you have tendered, that our attention would be turned, that we may tread ſilently, ſlowly, and reverently there as among the Graves of our Houſehold.

We are happy to be met, Mr. Mayor, by the Chief Executive of the City that guards the Shrine of our pilgrimage, with ſuch cordial words of welcome and profuſe proffers of hoſpitality; for both, I am directed by our Major Commandant, to offer our moſt grateful acknowledgments, and in return, to tender to the city of Charleſtown our beſt wiſhes for its continued proſperity, and, that the foot of a foreign invader may never again deſecrate its ſoil, and laſt but not leaſt, to wiſh for yourſelf perſonally, Sir, both in your public walks and private relations, as Magiſtrate and Man, every felicity.

I was introduced to you, Sir, as the Commiſſary of the Phalanx, and the duty of Commiſſary, according to Steuben tactics, is to furniſh ſupplies to the body: the Judge Advocate is Commiſſary to the Soul; and I ſhould hardly have ventured to ſtep out of my department into his, were it not to relieve him, temporarily, of the onerous duties in his peculiar line ſtill impending over him to-day. We have alſo immediate uſe for his eloquent tongue. Before we left Hartford it was expected that he would improve the occaſion while we ſtood on this ſuggeſtive Earth, to refreſhen our Patriotiſm by ſome of thoſe words of his, "that bear the ſpirit of great deeds winged to the Future." You will, therefore, pardon me, Mr. Mayor, if I anticipate any farther ceremonies which may await us here, by now introducing to you and the audience Judge Advocate Stuart, who will addreſs his Companions in arms.

JUDGE ADVOCATE STUART'S ADDRESS AT BUNKER HILL.

Major-Commandant, and Officers and Soldiers of the Putnam Phalanx:—We ſtand upon that ever-memorable Spot, where, at the outbreak of the American Revolution, in the firſt battle-twilight of a new ſtar dawning upon American hopes, fifteen hundred of the raw Yeomanry of our land, with a coolneſs and preciſion of aim that are almoſt unexampled,—twice, with their deadly fire of ſmall arms, precipitated a veteran Britiſh force of twice their number, in diſorder and affright, with more than One Thouſand of their dead and wounded left upon the Field of Strife, back to their landing-place upon Moreton's Point! We ſtand upon the very ground which theſe gallant Yeomen left their hold upon only when their failing ammunition compelled the ſtep, and when their Redoubt was half-filled with the troops of the foe—troops whom, even though environed by them, they clubbed with their muſkets, as ſtill undiſmayed—unconquered, though retiring—and agonized only by the thought of their want of powder to continue the ſtrife, they moved ſternly away.

How ſtartling, Gentlemen, muſt have been the Scene—as we cannot but recall it here—aye, majeſtic and tremendous,—with its blaze of more than five hundred buildings in Charleſtown, the tall ſteeple of the Meeting-Houſe in their midſt itſelf forming a lofty Pyramid of flame—with all this added to the continual blaze and roar of Artillery! Scene too painfully touching from the attendant loſs of the pure, the braye, the accompliſhed, the high-ſouled WARREN! Scene, however, to us of this Phalanx, ſource alſo of pride; for here—conſpicuous in every part of the Engagement, pervading and goading every part of it with his own ever-daring ſpirit—was the Hero whoſe name we bear,—the exhauſtleſs, indomitable PUTNAM! And with him, from the State from which we come, were Captain KNOWLTON and Major DURKEE. With him were Captain CHESTER, and Captain CLARK, and Captain COIT. With him were Lieutenants DANA, GROSVENOR, and WEBB. With him was Enſign, afterwards General HENRY CHAMPION, the nobly patriotic Grandfather of our own equally patriotic Aſſiſtant Commiſſary DEMING. With him were SMITH and LOVEJOY, the two Grandfathers, on the paternal and maternal ſide, of him the ſtalwart and patriotic Standard-Bearer of this our battalion; and BILLINGS and HIBBARD, the two paternal and maternal Grandparents, alſo, of our Sergeant BILLINGS; and HIDE, the brave anceſtor of our Private,

Sharp; and Keyes, and Cleveland, and Kemp, and Bassett, and Bingham, and other gallant ſpirits, many in number, from old Connecticut:—here they were, ſide by ſide and ſhoulder to ſhoulder, with intrepid Soldiery from Maſſachuſetts and intrepid Soldiery from New-Hampſhire, devoting themſelves, one and all, with patriotic fury to the bloody ſtriſe.

Unfortunate though the reſult of this Battle, under one aſpect—that of the enforced retreat—yet under another and loftier view, the Reſult was moſt propitious. For—for the firſt time—it taught America her ſtrength when oppoſed in arms to the mighty Monarchy of England. It inoculated and fired her Spirit with confidence. It lured to the future Fight. It wiped off forever that reproach of timidity which had been flung upon her Troops. It taught Britiſh ſoldiers to reſpect, aye and to dread her martial Ability—at leaſt behind entrenchments; and it taught Britiſh Commanders-in-chief, and the haughty Cabinet of England, that military conflagrations would not anſwer in the New World.

The battle of Quebec—one far leſs deſtructive of human life than that of Bunker Hill—gave to Great Britain the whole region of the St. Lawrence. That upon this ſpot loſt to Great Britain a Territory worth a dozen Canadas—loſt to her Thirteen Colonies of proportions that were coloſſal, and of capacities that have proved magnificent. For the Conteſt waged upon the little arena here, developed a ſpirit of Patriotiſm ſo pure—ſo ardent—ſo fearleſs—ſo inflexible—ſo energetic—ſo irrepreſſible—that it was ſure to burn on by force of its own quenchleſs elemental Fire, until it had burned all tyranny off from the field of ſtruggling America—until its own ethereal Light had chaſed from our new trans-Atlantic expanſe every ſhadow even of vaſſalage to any potentate on Earth—and left it bathed in the full effulgence of Life, Liberty, and Independence.

In that Effulgence we this day ſtand—and upon the very Altar where the Light which formed it was firſt kindled. Juſt mark it, then, for an inſtant, Soldiers—and you, if you pleaſe, the Spectators of this ſcene, whoſe attentive intereſt is moſt grateful to our Corps—mark that Effulgence of which I ſpeak, from this Standpoint—as it appears in the proſperity of our country ſince the time when the blood of the earlieſt Martyrs to the Revolution was here ſhed.

Behold our Population riſen from three to near thirty millions—our Towns and Cities, from comparatively a few, to thoſe which are

numberleſs! Witneſs the magic converſion of the Ohio and Miſſouri ſolitudes to civilized Homes—while far beyond—threading the thouſand devious arms of the Miſſiſſippi—aſcending the broad declivities of the Rocky Mountains—climbing tortuous crags—winding through treacherous canons—and ploughing terrific ſnows—fearleſs Emigrants have puſhed on to liſten to the ſavage whoop on the banks of the Columbia, and the Sacramento, and to found and rear Inſtitutions and Temples, to Liberty and to God, within ſound of the breaking billow on the very ſhore of the Pacific! Everywhere almoſt over our land, liſten to the elaſtic ſteam—hear the tramp of the Iron Horſe! Behold upon almoſt all our waters the white ſail! Mark Science and Art—Invention and Induſtry—Knowledge and Education—everywhere almoſt diffuſed! Mark, in ſhort, a National Happineſs, which, under all its aſpects, is more profound than that of any other People on the face of the Earth—and which ſpreads, over and around us—from ſea to ſea—a ſun-illumined atmoſphere, in which we all may chant the undying Songs and Alleluias of the Free!

To ſuch a height of greatneſs has the Spirit of Patriotiſm—which diſplayed itſelf upon this Spot—in June, 1775—exalted our country. A Spirit, therefore, it was, it is obvious, of no common mould—no mere, naked, uninformed natural impulſe—but it was an impulſe ſeaſoned by Knowledge—it was enlightened by Foreſight. It comprehended a rich and vaſt throng of aſſociations derived from a long experience of Civilization. It underſtood clearly the danger to all the civil, ſocial, and domeſtic relations of the Colonies involved in the tyrannous claims of England. It knew well the inexhauſtible reſources of the New World—and foreſaw its riſing greatneſs in the ſunſhine of Peace. And it therefore toiled at the battle of Bunker Hill—not alone for the America of the Revolution—but for the America of all time. It fought that fight in order that the People whom it inſpired might not only glorioufly vindicate their own fundamental Rights, but plant for Poſterity, as well as for themſelves—ſet beyond even the tornado's power—that Tree of Liberty whoſe is the golden fruitage of a National Civilization, Happineſs, and Glory, which, it was hoped, would endure Forever.

To a ſpirit of Patriotiſm thus pure—thus heroic—thus enlightened—here upon this Spot, its early home—its blood-ſtained Altar, but not, thank God, its Grave—here then let us all bend in reverence, as to the Mecca of our Civil Faith—our Tutelary Shrine—the tryſt-

ing-place of our Republican love—here let us bend, and from its inſpiration drink deep draughts!

Calling to us from the bones of thoſe Patriots who here immolated their lives—pointing to us with a finger blazing as of ſapphire from their Tombs—this Spirit bids us love the Land that gave us birth. The Laws that protect you, it ſays—the Inſtitutions which form you—the Cuſtoms you obey—the Habits in which you take comfort—the Home Hiſtories, and dear Traditions, and Legends, in which you rejoice—*these are your Country*.

The Skies you ſee above you—that Earth you gaze upon beneath—thoſe ſweet ſpots upon its ſurface, eſpecially, where you drew the firſt luſcious breath of life, and were huſhed by the ſoft-flowing lullabies of Home—the Waters that cover that natal Earth—the living things that dwell upon it—the ſuſtenance it yields—the fruits with which it abounds—the Songs with which it is vocal—*these are your Country*.

The Villages, the Towns, the Cities you inhabit—the family loves you cheriſh—the pious devotions to which you cling—the ſocial ties you bind—the anxieties you indulge—the ſorrows you feel—the hopes you warm into life—the Good Deeds you perform, and thoſe accompliſhed by your fellows—the Good Names you eſtabliſh, and thoſe eſtabliſhed around you—*these are your Country*.

Your Country it is that wrapped its folds around you when firſt you ſaw the light. With its loving folds it has encircled you ever ſince—and it will enſhroud you gently with them when you die.

Make your Country, then, the idol of your heart,—Cheriſh it in your heart of hearts. Should it acquire new honors, glory in them. Should it receive wounds—which Heaven forefend—approach them as you would the wounds of a Parent—"with pious awe, and trembling ſolicitude," and tendereſt miniſtration. Die for your Country, ſhould peril ever require the ſacrifice!

Thus, Soldiers of the Phalanx—thus does the Spirit of Patriotiſm appeal to us from this hallowed Spot. Pray God, we may all reſpond to the appeal! Pray God, the ſhadows of the Patriots who here offered up their lives may float ever through our Houſeholds! Allying ourſelves ever cloſely to them—"the boldeſt and moſt noble Men of Progreſs that the World has ever ſeen"—may we ally *them*, through us, to Generations yet to come—ourſelves, in the ſublime language of that immortal Man who here inaugurated the rudimental

Corner-Stone of this proud Monument, "being but links in that great chain of being which beginning with the origin of our Race, runs onward through its ſucceſſive Generations, binding together the Paſt, the Preſent, and the Future, and terminating at laſt, with the conſummation of all things Earthly, at the Throne of God!"

The Chaplain of the Battalion, *Rev.* Aſher Moore, then offered the following ſolemn and impreſſive

PRAYER.

God of our Fathers! Ruler among the Nations! And Judge of all the Earth! We reverently bow before Thee at this ſacred Shrine of our Country's Liberty, devoutly thanking Thee for the ineſtimable bleſſings that have come to us through the toils and treaſures and blood of the incorruptible Patriots who ſecured to us the priceleſs gift of National Independence!

Here, Almighty God, may we gratefully call to our remembrance the valorous Deeds of our revered Fathers, who reſolutely confronted the foes of Liberty in the day of trial, and nobly "jeoparded their lives unto the Death in the high places of the Field!" Here may our Patriotiſm receive freſh Inſpiration! Here may unborn Generations come in Pilgrim troops to offer a Nation's gratitude to the Giver of all bleſſings! And here may the hearts of our Children be cemented in that *Union* which made our Fathers ſtrong in the day of dreadful deeds!

Lord, bleſs our common Country! Preſerve us from diviſions and ſtrife. Let Peace reſt upon our Land, and Proſperity abound throughout all our borders. Forgive us our ſins. And with us bleſs all the Nations of the Earth, through Jeſus Chriſt, our Lord! *Amen.*

Mayor Dana then introduced the *Hon.* George Waſhington Warren, who, as Preſident of the Monument Aſſociation, welcomed the Phalanx to Bunker Hill.

Hon. Richard Frothingham, Jr., *ex-Mayor* of Charlestown, introduced by *Mayor* Dana, commenced by remarking on the ſurpaſſing intereſt of the ſcene, and its ſuggeſtive character—ſuggeſtive of the time when Con-

necticut and Maſſachuſetts ſtood together. To ſhow the ſpirit of Connecticut then, an incident was related of the times of the Port Bill, when Boſton and Charleſtown felt heavy the hand of power. No Colony was more prompt to ſend material aid, and accompany it with ſolemn pledges, than Connecticut; and one caſe was inſtanced where Putnam brought on a drove of ſheep, and with them a letter addreſſed to Boſton, having his Signature. It reads that the men of Connecticut meant firſt to attempt to appeaſe the fire of a vindictive Miniſtry by the blood of rams and of lambs, and if this did not anſwer, they were ready to march in the Van and ſprinkle American altars with their hearts' blood, if it were neceſſary. That was the ſpirit of the brave old Hero who ſigned this letter, and the ſpirit of Knowlton, and Cheſter, and Webb, and Durkee, and all the gallant Men who here made good the pledge.

The ſpecial duty aſſigned the Connecticut Forces in the Bunker Hill action was then particularly deſcribed, and having delineated the main Poſitions at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the work then going on, the reaſon was ſtated why the Connecticut Forces were ordered out from the Redoubt to prevent this poſition being ſurrounded; the location of the Rail Fence which they commenced and Starks men completed, and the gallant and vital Service rendered here, were dwelt upon; and then the ſpot, Bunker Hill, was pointed to where, on the retreat, Putnam ſo heroically tried to rally the men anew. In concluding, the ſentiment was expreſſed that ſiſter States of ſo glorious a renown as Connecticut and Maſſachuſetts could have no other rivalry than rivalry in the Works of Progreſs that adorn Society,—in Edu-

cation, Commerce, Induſtry—in the determination to protect and defend the priceleſs Inheritance of Liberty won by the ſtruggles and blood of ſuch Anceſtry as fought at Bunker Hill. This Addreſs was warmly applauded throughout.

The exerciſes at the Monument occupied about two hours.

Immediately after Mr. Frothingham's remarks the City Guard eſcorted the Phalanx to the Guard's Armory, where a bountiful Collation was ſerved, to which ample juſtice was done—while *Mayor* Dana alſo entertained the Battalion and a large number of invited gueſts, in a ſumptuous manner, at his reſidence, in Monument ſquare, and Mr. Frothingham received at his reſidence the Officers and Staff. At theſe places brief Speeches were made by *Mayor* Dana, *ex-Mayor* Frothingham, *Commiſſary* Deming, *Paſt Commander* Pierce of the Charleſtown City Guard, and others. At half-paſt one o'clock the line was re-formed on Winthrop ſtreet, and marched to the Charleſtown Navy Yard.

Visit to the Navy Yard.

On their arrival at the Charleſtown Navy Yard, the Phalanx were received, on entering the gates, by a Detachment of ſixty Marines under the command of *Lieutenant* Reynolds, who were drawn up in open order and preſented arms as the Battalion paſſed through. The Battalion was alſo honored with a National Salute of thirty-one guns. Theſe matters are note-worthy, ſince the Phalanx is the firſt Military Organization which was ever received at the Navy Yard with ſimilar honors—indeed, the firſt that was ever permitted to

march in bearing arms. Paſſing the Marines, the Phalanx was drawn up before Head-Quarters where they were received by *Capt.* Hudſon, Commandant of the ſtation, and other Naval Officers. *Capt.* Hudſon welcomed the Phalanx briefly as follows:

Major Commandant and Members of the Putnam Phalanx: I welcome you to the Navy Yard, and ſhould be moſt happy to ſhow you whatever of intereſt may be upon the premiſes. I am no ſpeech-maker—only a plain Sailor; but when I ſee a body of Soldiers dreſſed in the uniform of the venerated Waſhington, it touches me with an emotion that it is difficult adequately to expreſs. The preſent generation can ſcarcely imagine the ſufferings of their Fathers in that Revolutionary ſtruggle; they battled as it were with the halter around their necks; they ſuffered, and we now enjoy the Fruits of their Labors. But it is not my intention to make a ſpeech; I will only repeat to you, *Major Commandant and Soldiers,* my cordial welcome to the Charleſtown Navy Yard.

Judge Advocate Stuart, on being introduced by the *Major Commandant* of the Phalanx, reſponded as follows:

Commodore Hudson:—For the cordial manner in which you welcome the Putnam Phalanx to this Navy Yard, I return you, in behalf of its Members, their heartfelt thanks. You very modeſtly announce yourſelf as no Speech-maker—as only "a plain Sailor"—unhabituated to the fluent language of formal oratory. Sir, in my judgment, you have juſt now made one of the happieſt of all Speeches, for you have uttered to us, who, moſtly, are ſtrangers to theſe premiſes, ſweet Words of Welcome, that are warm from a Sailor's generous heart—a heart, proverbially, open as the broad expanſe of Sea.

And, Sir, we of this Phalanx, ſhall take great pleaſure in accepting your kind invitation to view the Spot which you ſo ably ſuperintend, and which, as we glance over it from our Stand-point here, bears unequivocal marks of intelligent Care, and contains ſtriking and grateful evidences of the Strength and Greatneſs of our Country's Naval Power.

We from Connecticut take eſpecial pride in this Naval Power, and in the ſpectacle of it here. For, *Commodore,* within the waters of

our State—in the capacious and beautiful harbor of our own City of New London—was fitted out the very firſt Naval Squadron of the United States that ever ſailed under the flag of our Common Country. That little Squadron conſiſted of the *Alfred*, the *Columbus*, the *Andrea Doria*, and the *Cabot*, varying in armament from fourteen to ſixteen guns. *Governor* Trumbull, Senior—that "rebel" Governor of our State, of world-wide fame—was the zealous and effective Patriot who, chiefly, aided to fit it out—and when made ready, it ſailed, in 1776, from the waters of New London harbor upon the firſt Naval Expedition ever made under the authority of Congreſs.

Yes, worthy *Commodore*—and into the waters of this harbor again, it brought back the Firſt-fruits of our firſt Revolutionary ſtruggle upon the Great Deep—and theſe Fruits, thank Heaven, triumphant ones! For *Admiral* Eſek Hopkins, its Commander-in-chief, ſailed with his new and infant Squadron to the Iſland of Abacco, lying near New Providence, in the Weſt India ſeas. And there he captured the *Governor* of this Iſland, and its *Deputy Governor*, and one of its *Councillors*, and ſeventy other Britiſh ſubjects—together with forty cannon, and fifteen braſs mortars, and a Britiſh ſchooner, and a Bermudian ſloop—and to theſe Prizes adding, on his paſſage home, a Britiſh bomb brig laden with arms, which he took near the end of Long Iſland, he ſailed triumphantly back, as I have juſt ſuggeſted, into that harbor of Connecticut from which he ſtarted. And thoſe cannon to which I refer, and that captured ſloop, were at once, with the conſent and approbation of Congreſs, applied by our ceaſeleſſly enterpriſing *Governor* to the Naval Service ſpecially of Connecticut, and generally of our whole Country.

Deep indeed then, and grateful, is the intereſt which this Phalanx feels in the preſent flouriſhing condition of this extenſive National Maritime Depot. It has grown up from a Navy which had its birth, and whoſe infancy was nurſed, in our own old Connecticut—and whoſe manhood—in that Second War which ſealed the triumphs and the independence of the Firſt—was adorned by a ſon of Connecticut in whom you, Sir, and all of us, take juſt pride—the Hero of *Old Ironſides*, *Commodore* Hull.

What a contraſt does this Yard now preſent to the aſpect which marked it years ago! When the ſtartling Fight took place upon that memorable, overlooking Height which we have juſt viſited, it was trodden by the foot of War, and ſtrewn with the carcaſes of the ſlain.

A rough, wild ſpot it was then, bordered with unſightly marſhes, and with not a trace of tillage. Now it is a level, embelliſhed, ſolid area, with every adaptation that ſkill can contrive for a magnificent Naval Depot. Its appearance, in every reſpect, Commodore, reflects the higheſt credit upon your ſuperintending care, and aſſures us all that the glorious Flag which waves above it will never, in hands ſuch as your own, receive anything but additional Luſtre.

And now, Sir, thanking you again, heartily, for your kind reception, and for the honors and privileges you accord, our Battalion will march, as you deſire, around this Yard, and then take its leave.

At the concluſion of *Judge Advocate* Stuart's reſponſe to *Capt.* Hudſon, the Phalanx viſited the various objects of intereſt in the Navy Yard. On leaving, the Phalanx were again ſaluted by the Marines. On their return to Boſton at 3 o'clock, the Battalion paſſed through State ſtreet, which was literally crowded with people, and the appearance of the Phalanx was the ſignal for loud and long continued applauſe. From State ſtreet they proceeded direct to Summer ſtreet, to the reſidence of *Hon.* Edward Everett, in front of which they halted, and were drawn up in order. Mr. Everett was received by the Battalion with a military ſalute, after which *Capt.* Boyd introduced Mr. Everett to *Major* Goodwin, and the Commandant introduced Mr. Everett to the Battalion. Mr. Everett then ſpoke as follows:

Address of Mr. Everett.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen of the Putnam Phalanx:—I beg you to accept my grateful acknowledgments for the honor of this Salute. A compliment of this kind, uſually paid only to thoſe in high Office, or marked out as acceptants of the public favor, muſt be conſidered a very diſtinguiſhed attention, by a perſon like myſelf, wholly withdrawn from Public Life.

I do not, however, require a perſonal honor of this kind, to lead me to ſhare the gratification which your viſit affords to our Commu-

nity. The character of the Company has gone before you. Conſpicuous as individuals among the ſubſtantial Citizens of Hartford, you cannot but command reſpect as Members of this, for many reaſons, remarkable Corps. You have already received ample aſſurance that I do but echo the general ſentiment, in bidding you cordially Welcome to Boſton.

The friends of the Militia ſyſtem are gratified that it is receiving the countenance,—that it is ſtrengthened by the participation,—of Citizens like thoſe who compoſe the Putnam Phalanx. That ſyſtem was long ago pronounced by John Adams one of the four pillars of the proſperity of New England. In the opinion of that eminent and ſagacious Stateſman and Patriot, the Volunteer Militia was entitled to be placed by the ſide of the Church, the School-houſe, and the Municipal Organizations of New England, as one of the main elements of the public Welfare and Safety.

Our fathers relied upon the Militia as a ſubſtitute for Standing Armies, which they conſidered as dangerous to the Liberties of the People. So great was the averſion entertained to a large ſtanding Military Force in time of Peace, that, in the Federal Convention, it was propoſed as an article of the Conſtitution that there never ſhould be a ſtanding Army of more than five thouſand men. After this propoſition had been debated for ſome time, General Waſhington roſe, and great anxiety was felt to know what view would be taken by him of this propoſal to place a Conſtitutional limit to the Standing Military Force of the Country. He ſimply moved an amendment to the article, adding the further proviſion that no invading Army ſhould ever exceed three thouſand.

Gentlemen, I hope and believe that a long time will clapſe before the ſoil of the Union will be trod by an invading Army, great or ſmall; few things, I think, are leſs likely to happen. Should ſuch an event ever take place, I need not ſay that the main reliance of the Country for its protection and defence will not be on a ſtanding Army. To withdraw from Commerce, Agriculture, and Manufactures, a ſufficient number of men to ſtation at every acceſſible point in our vaſt Territory a ſtanding Military Force competent to face the enormous Armies of Europe, is manifeſtly impoſſible. Our defenſive eſtabliſhment on land will, for a long time, as now, conſiſt of a moderate regular Force: a body of well trained Officers, reared at an admirable Military School; an ample ſupply of arms placed in the hands of the

People; fortifications at the vulnerable points, and then this all-pervading net-work of railroads by which, in twenty-four hours, a hundred thouſand of the Citizen Soldiery of the Country can be aſſembled at the point of danger.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen, I anticipate no ſuch Criſis; but if, among the poſſibilities of the Future, it ſhould ariſe, the ſpirit which animates your Corps, pervading the maſs of our Fellow-citizens, will prove itſelf equal to any emergency.

You come among us under circumſtances which beſpeak a hearty Welcome. You have adopted the old Continental Organization. Your uniform is that which Waſhington wore; your muſic is the ſimple drum and fife—no other was heard at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. Your name is one which Maſſachuſetts, to the lateſt generation, will delight to honor—that of the yeoman Soldier, who never looked back but once after putting his hand to the plow, and that was when he left it in the furrow, at the tidings of Lexington and Concord. You ſhare, I doubt not, his ſpirit, and in the hour of danger would imitate his example.

But other duties, other calls await you. Again tendering you, *Mr. Commander and Gentlemen*, my cordial thanks for this diſtinguiſhed honor, and wiſhing you a ſafe return to your Homes, I bid you a reſpectful Farewell.

In reply to Mr. Everett's addreſs, which was warmly applauded, *Judge Advocate* Stuart, in behalf of the Phalanx, reſponded as follows:

Hon. Mr. Everett: The Battalion now before you, from Hartford, Connecticut, known as the Putnam Phalanx, in teſtimony of its reſpect for you, Sir, as one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Sons of America, calls to give you greeting—and for the cordial manner, and eloquent, inſtructive remarks, with which you have received us, it returns its heartfelt thanks.

We are organized for the purpose of aiding to revive and ſtrengthen thoſe glorious Memories of the Revolution to which you, Sir, eſpecially through your ſignal portraiture of the Father of his Country, have conſecrated a liberal ſhare of your time and your genius. By wearing, as we do, the military dreſs of the Revolutionary times—

and this Dreſs modeled with exactneſs from that of Waſhington himſelf, which is preſerved in the Capitol of our country—by an adoption, in good part, of the tactics which prevailed in Waſhington's Army—through the Drum and Fife as the ſole inſtruments of Muſic—and by other conformities to uſages in the Times that tried Men's Souls—it is our aim to ſtimulate a patriotic reſpect for that great Revolution which made us free, and to awaken love and admiration for the Heroes who achieved it.

At the head of theſe Heroes—"Firſt in Peace"—to uſe phraſes of familiar but ever endeared characterization—"Firſt in Peace, firſt in War, and firſt in the hearts of his fellow Countrymen,"—ſtands that immortal Man whoſe character and conduct you have yourſelf portrayed with maſterly diſcrimination, with loving tenderneſs, and in colors of light. In a ſpirit of true Patriotiſm, with ſagacious foreſight, and with lofty zeal, you have magnanimouſly devoted this Delineation to the noble purpoſe of preſerving entire and inviolate—for a Nation's veneration, for all time—the Home and the Tomb of Waſhington. For this end your labors have been unwearied. They have extended over a large part of the Union. Crowded audiences have hung upon your lips; their purſe, if not laviſh, has been generous towards your object; you have added many thouſands of dollars to the ſacred Mount Vernon Fund.

For this, Sir, you have a Nation's thanks. For this, the Ladies of our Land outpour their gratitude, and Men echo your praiſe. For this, Poſterity will riſe up and call you "Bleſſed!" And for this, the Putnam Phalanx—on this ſpecial occaſion—here at the door of your own dwelling—deſires to expreſs its grateful acknowledgments. It is our ardent wiſh and hope that your future Labors in the ſame direction, ſhould they be continued, may be crowned with eminent Succeſs; that you may long live to behold the Home of the Father of his Country poſſeſſed, adorned, and perpetuated as Public Property, and be gratified by the ſpectacle of freſh devotion, rouſed, the whole country through, to his Memory, and to the Memories of all our Revolutionary Sires.

It is our ardent wiſh, in your own ſublimely expreſſive language upon another occaſion, that all "the grand Sympathies of Country, and that myſtic tiſſue of Race, woven far back in the dark chambers of the Paſt, which, after the viciſſitudes and migrations of Centuries, wraps up Great Nations in its broad mantle, and thoſe ſignificant expreſſions,

Forefather, Parent, Child, Poſterity, Native Land, which carry volumes of meaning in a word"—it is our hope that all theſe may teach us—and teach our Countrymen everywhere—"not blindly to worſhip, but duly to honor the Paſt; to ſtudy the leſſons of Experience; to ſcan the high Counſels of man in his great Aſſociations; in Laws, in Maxims, in Traditions, in thoſe great undoubted Principles of Right and Wrong which are ſanctioned by the general conſent of Mankind; thus tracing in human Inſtitutions ſome faint reflection of that Divine Wiſdom, which faſhioned the Leaf that unfolded itſelf but a few weeks ago in the Foreſt, after the pattern of the Leaf that was bathed in the dews of Paradiſe on the morning of the Creation."

With this expreſſion of our ſentiments, and renewedly thanking you for the courteous reception you have given us, this Phalanx now bids you a cordial and reſpectful Adieu.

At the concluſion of this reſponſe, ſeveral of the members of the Phalanx were introduced to Mr. Everett, after which the Companies proceeded to the parade ground of the Common. The attendance on the Common was immenſe. Every available ſpot outſide the lines was occupied by the eager Crowd, and a large number of Ladies and Gentlemen were admitted by ticket within the lines.

At half-paſt four o'clock, the Second Battalion of Infantry, numbering 86 guns, under command of *Major* Charles O. Rogers, accompanied by Gilmore's full Band and Drum Corps, left their Armory, and proceeded to the City Hall, where they received *Mayors* Lincoln of Boſton and Dana of Charleſtown, together with members of both branches of the Government of each City, whom they eſcorted to the Common. The Charleſtown City Guard then took their leave of the Phalanx and marched for home. The line of the Phalanx was formed, and they were reviewed by *Mayors* Lincoln and Dana, *Alderman* Pierce, and J. Putnam Bradlee, Eſq., *Preſident of the*

Council, of Boſton. While this review was progreſſing, the Second Battalion marched to the State Houſe, where they received *Adjutant-General* Stone, *Brigadier-General* Bullock and Staff of the Firſt Brigade, *Col.* Cowdin and Staff of the Second Regiment Infantry, and *Major* White and Staff of the Firſt Battalion Cavalry, whom they eſcorted to the Parade Ground. The above named Officers then reviewed the Phalanx. The Corps then paſſed in Review before the Officers, marching to the ſoul-ſtirring muſic of their own Drum Band. The marching of the Phalanx was loudly applauded by the aſſembled multitude. After the Review, the Second Battalion went through a dreſs parade in excellent ſtyle, after which both companies eſcorted *Gen.* Stone and his Officers to the State Houſe. The line of march was then reſumed, the Phalanx being eſcorted through Beacon, School, Waſhington, Summer, Chauncy, Harriſon avenue, and Beach ſtreets, to the United States Hotel, where they were diſmiſſed, the Second Battalion returning to their Armory.

In the evening, a large number of the Phalanx availed themſelves of the courteous invitation of Mr. E. L. Davenport, manager of the Howard Athenæum, and viſited that eſtabliſhment. *Mayor* Lincoln kept open houſe during the evening and hoſpitably received the Phalanx. Oliver Ellſworth, Eſq., a member of the Battalion, ſumptuouſly entertained the entire Corps at his reſidence, No. 21 Somerſet ſtreet. This Re-union was one of the moſt delightful and pleaſant incidents of the entire Excurſion, and at the reſidence of their Brother-member, the Phalanx were made to feel at home. During the evening, Geo. H. Clark, Eſq., who was one of the gueſts of the

occaſion, added materially to the enjoyments of the Feſtival by reading the following appropriate Poem:

It's juſt what I expected—and I cannot well complain:—
Becauſe a fellow did it once you thought he would again:
And ſo, to meet the Challenger in caſe one ſhould appear,
I brought a loaded gun along—you ſee I have it here!

I was buſy with a Cuſtomer about a little bill,
With one eye on his pocket-book and one upon the till;
The groſs amount was figured up—it waſn't very large—
And he had ſtirred me with his cry of "charge, Cheſter, charge!"

When ſteps me in a portly man who couldn't ſee his knee,
With a ſmile upon his lip, and ſaid "I want you, Mr. C—."
I knew he was no Conſtable—thoſe Caitiffs never ſmile—
And thus with words of blandiſhment my ear he did beguile.

"Our Phalanx, whoſe Ambition ſoars beyond a proſy Drill,
Is going on a Pilgrimage to famous Bunker Hill:
We mean to ſtand, with hat in hand, where glorious Putnam fought,
And tread the Soil where noble Deeds by him were nobly wrought.

We go with no inflamed deſire, nor any ſly intent
To bring away by force of Arms the Charleſtown Monument:—
Although it were an eaſy thing to do ſo if we choſe,
As every body who has ſeen the Putnam Phalanx knows.

And we want you to come along—we 'll have a jovial time—
And don't forget to bring with you a pleaſant bit of Rhyme.
The day is fixed for Tueſday next—no dodging for the rain—
And pray be prompt, bĕcauſe, you ſee, we're going on a Train!"

Well, here I am—a little man among top-booted ſcreamers,
Like to a Clipper mid a fleet of huge Great Eaſtern Steamers;
A ſort of rakiſh *Letter o' marque* beſide my big Compeers—
So let my ſignals all be marked as meant for private ears.

I'm told your Mothers know you're out—how is it with your Wives?
And have the thoughtful Creatures got inſurance on your Lives?

I truſt when you are ſafely back they'll aſk no idle queſtions,
To anſwer which would interfere with delicate digeſtions.

It has been ſometimes aſked of me, in quite a ſerious way,
If you in caſe of actual War would mingle in the Fray?
I anſwer Yes:—and what is more, no Danger would you ſhun,
For it is quite impoſſible that ſuch Great Men ſhould run!

No—be aſſured of this one thing, though large the target be,
A broadſide might rake down your ranks before a foul would flee:
Cocked hats might wilt, and breeches rip, and coats be rent and torn,
Yet ſtill amid the thickeſt Fight your Banner would be borne.

Look at the Standard Bearer there and doubt it if you can!
And think if thoſe odd legs would ſave our excellent Squire Mann!
And Deming too—the Enemy would make a deadly breach
In every thing his broadcloth hid, ere he the rear could reach.

The mental Courage that dilates each Soldier's flaſhing eye,
Would be excited by the fact that he muſt do or die.
So all ye bull-necked Britiſhers, beware theſe men of might,
Who wont ſurrender, cannot run—but Glory! how they'll fight!

You may talk about Thermopylaes and Marathons of old;
Of Lodi and of Waterloo, and all their Heroes bold;
I'll bet a ſcore of pumpkin pies, and help the party eat 'em,
That Major Goodwin and his troop would give 'em odds and beat 'em!

You've one might rank, if ſo he choſe, with old Demoſthenes;
And a lineal Son of that old Greek we call Thucydides;
And others who but bide their time to ſhow their fellow men
That they can wield, as Cæſar did, the Sword as well as Pen.

One member may his patients purge, and one may ſhove the plane;
And one may have an oily tongue and wag the ſame for gain.
You may have Merchants, Preſidents, and men from toil retired,
But all with warlike viſions now are moſt intenſely fired.

Your Colt would ſhoot a dozen foes the while the reſt were aiming;
And Aſhmead's hammer, like old Thor's, the cohorts would be maiming:

And Tiffany, when duty calls, will prove no terrapin,
But like a valiant Printer ſend a frequent bullet in.

And where in caſe of a retreat, would neighbor Strong be found?
Dead — or like Falſtaff feigning death — along the bloody ground!
And Sharp, his roadſters four in hand would never drive again,
But like a hunted Buffalo loom up among the ſlain.

Well, let us hope there'll be no War: — we're quiet loving folk —
And really, after all that's ſaid, this fighting is no joke.
I never liked the trade, myſelf, ſince I was quite a lad,
When Billy Wolcott broke my head, and pummelled me ſo bad.

We've come to viſit Bunker Hill. We've alſo come to dine.
We alſo mean to taſte a glaſs of Boſton people's wine.
I wonder if they would have thrown ſuch nectar in the Sea,
If George had taxed it as he did that plaguy lot of Tea!

What good things they to-day provide let us to-day diſcuſs —
For when another morning breaks they'll breakfaſt upon us!
To-morrow they will ſurely have — dreſſed up as "lateſt news" —
A diſh of Putnam Phalanx ſerved, to flank their prandial ſtews.

Ah — bleſs thoſe Editorial Chaps: — it is a way they've got,
Of ſeizing jokes, like buckwheat cakes, while they are piping hot;
And while the Jokers are abed, and dreaming of new feats,
Thoſe Typos will be "ſetting up" — and pulling off the ſheets!

May you look back upon this day with Patriotic Pride,
And with a keener reliſh ſtill your ambling Hobby ride;
And may thoſe ſolemn looking hats acquire no rakiſh tricks,
Nor ever be a lurking place for ſad convivial bricks!

At nine o'clock on Thurſday morning, the Phalanx were aſſembled preparatory to their departure for Providence. Notwithſtanding the fatigues of the day previous, every man was in readineſs for Duty. The day was cool, with a high wind which rendered marching ſomewhat uncomfortable. The Phalanx paraded a ſhort time only on the Common, where it was expected

that an Artiſt would photograph the Battalion, but the day was unfavorable for the operation. After a brief parade, the Battalion, accompanied by thouſands, marched to the Providence Depot. A large Crowd was aſſembled to witneſs their Departure, and as the Train left at eleven a. m., cheer after cheer was raiſed for the Putnam Phalanx, which were returned moſt heartily by the Battalion for their Boſton friends.

The members of the Phalanx retain the moſt grateful and pleasant recollection of their brief but joyous viſit to Boſton and Charleſtown. The Hoſpitable Citizens of thoſe places ſeem to have neglected no endeavor to honor the Phalanx with their admiration and attentions. The local Papers ſpeak of their viſit as an event of no ordinary moment in their Cities' Hiſtory. They eſtimate the Crowds aſſembled to witneſs the Receptions and various Parades of the Battalion by "tens of thouſands." And it is pleaſant to the Phalanx to put on Record permanently, the following ſpontaneous expreſſions of opinion from ſome of the more prominent Daily Journals:

[From the Boſton Poſt.]

For — well, we'll ſay — forty years — we haven't felt ſo much like playing truant to tag Soldiers about the ſtreets as we did yeſterday morning upon ſeeing the PUTNAM PHALANX paraded in front of the United States Hotel. Happy Hoſtelry! to have breakfaſted ſuch a Squad — every one a ſolid Citizen with a good ſtomach, every one a Gentleman, a Soldier and a Patriot; for, as a ſtranger remarked to us, it iſn't poſſible for ſuch men to vote the ſectional ticket. From the tall, venerable, white-haired and white-whiſkered Commander down to the ſhorteſt Private, every one had the jaunty and genial air of a ſmiling October morning in New England —

(Hail to the land whereon we tread!)

but under this peaceful exterior of yellow feathers it required no great imagination to perceive the daring of the Wolf-hunter whoſe name

they bear. We never ſaw, hereabout, any military thing finer than the eaſe and grace of their movements as they formed and marched up Beach ſtreet to the tune of "The Girl I left behind Me," played by their old-faſhioned Drum Corps with a mellow nicety that brought the tears into the eyes of a young Lady ſtanding near us. Like her, ſorry to be left behind the ſhowy Phalanx, we threw our head up and our ſomewhat rounded ſhoulders back, and marched down to the ſcene of our accuſtomed labors with as much of a military port as we could aſſume without appearing ridiculous, but feeling all the time that Athens is eclipſed, and the beſt of our Battalions muſt knock under to that of Hartford.

[From the Boſton Tranſcript.]

The Putnam Phalanx is an Organization for Social and Hiſtoric as well as Military purpoſes. Yet we have heard but one opinion expreſſed in this City in regard to the Corps. Univerſal commendation of the fine, noble bearing of its Members, and praiſe of the general diſcipline of the Battalion, have aſſigned to the Phalanx a higher place in the eſteem of our Citizens, than that of any military Viſitors for a long ſeries of Years. Theſe cauſes operate, however, in a military direction ſolely. But there are influences more potent, which have produced their effect upon Perſons, whoſe habits of life and modes of thought do not prediſpoſe them to a love of martial Parade. Such agencies relate to the willingneſs of the people of Boſton to give intellectual and moral Worth its proper Poſition. That the Phalanx takes a front rank in the former regard is proved by the felicitous, and, in parts, eloquent Speeches of Hon. I. W. Stuart and H. C. Deming, Eſq., made on Wedneſday, on Bunker Hill and in Boſton. We are alſo aſſured that in a moral point of view the Battalion is no leſs entitled to reſpect. The fame of ſome on its Roll, as men of ſubſtance preceded their arrival here. We hope their viſit to this City was as productive of enjoyment to the entire membership of the "Phalanx" as agreeable to our Community.

[From the Charleſtown (Maſs.) Advocate.]

The Putnam Phalanx is about the moſt ſubſtantial, and the jollieſt looking Company of men that ever got together in this Town before. Hartford muſt be a deſolate looking place after permitting ſuch a Body to quit its limits, to go in ſearch of Honors upon foreign Fields—be-

cauſe, no Town could by any poſſibility, at leaſt not in theſe days, ſend out a Phalanx like them, and yet have enough left to keep up the dignity of the Place.

What a void their Wives and Children and Fellow-citizens muſt experience without their preſence.—Some of the fineſt ſpecimens of phyſical manhood, and nobleneſs of carriage and feature, could be ſelected from among them. A ſculptor would not want for models among ſuch a Crowd. He would be puzzled which to chooſe. And many of them were men of "moſt unbounded ſtomach," ſtout trencher men, before whom dyſpepſia, indigeſtion, and melancholy would diſappear as Shadows that vaniſh at the approach of Morning. Looking at them, we felt an intenſe deſire to fling up our beaver, and cry out "Hurrah for Connecticut!" if ſhe manufactures wooden nutmegs, ſhe don't ſend abroad wooden men. Hurrah for Connecticut!

THE ARRIVAL AT PROVIDENCE.

At one o'clock p. m., Thurſday, Oct. 6th, a ſignal gun from the battery of the Marine Artillery, which was ſtationed near Canal ſtreet, announced the approach of the Train from Boſton with the Putnam Phalanx. The ſignal gun was followed by a National Salute of thirty-one guns, for which purpoſe a detachment of twenty men, under the command of *Orderly Sergeant* George E. Brown, had been detailed by the acting Commander of the Marine Corps of Artillery, *Lieut. Col.* C. H. Tompkins. Near the Depot and on Exchange place, was a concourſe of thouſands of People who had aſſembled to greet the Phalanx and witneſs their Reception by the Firſt Light Infantry and the Old Guard. By the beſt of arrangements nearly the entire Square was kept open and reſerved for the Military. The formalities of reception and mutual introductions having taken place, the two Battalions took up the line of march, the Infantry eſcorting their Gueſts through Exchange, Weſtminſter

and Dorrance ſtreets to the Infantry Armory, where an elegant collation was given to the Phalanx by their Hoſts. *Col.* W. W. Brown briefly welcomed the Phalanx to the City, and *Major Commandant* Goodwin reſponded. After an hour of ſocial intercourſe, the Battalions formed on Dorrance ſtreet, in the following order:

American Braſs Band, J. C. Greene, leader, 20 pieces, in blue uniform.

Firſt Light Infantry, *Col.* W. W. Brown, Commandant; Firſt Company in ſcarlet coats, numbering 83 muſkets; Second Company in blue fatigue dreſs, numbering 61 muſkets; Line and Staff Officers numbering 31; total, 175 men.

Putnam Phalanx, *Major* Horace Goodwin, Commandant; Line and Staff Officers, numbering 36; Standard Bearer and Guard, 8; Privates, Firſt Company, numbering 54 muſkets; Second Company, 53 muſkets; Drum Band, 10 pieces; total, 161 men.

Detachment of Marine Corps of Artillery, *Orderly Sergeant* George E. Brown, Commandant, numbering 20 men.

The line marched up Broad ſtreet and down Weſtminſter ſtreet, through Market Square and up North Main ſtreet to the Quarters of the Phalanx, at the Earl Houſe, where the latter were left by the Eſcort, which was marched to the Armory and diſmiſſed. During the entire line of march, the ſtreets were thronged with Spectators, flags were diſplayed from various points, and the enthuſiaſm was intenſe. A prominent Journal of Providence ſays, that "the Reception and Parade formed one of the moſt brilliant Pageants ever witneſſed in our City." In the afternoon the Phalanx marched to the Armory of the Marine Artillery and depoſited their muſkets. The

time, till evening, was paſſed in interchange of courteſies, many diſtinguiſhed Citizens of Providence calling at the Head-Quarters to pay their reſpects to the Members of the Phalanx.

THE BANQUET.

In the evening a complimentary Banquet to the Phalanx was given by the Infantry, in Pratt's Hall. The Phalanx was eſcorted from their Quarters by the Light Infantry, and entered the Hall at preciſely eight o'clock. The invited Gueſts had previouſly aſſembled, and one of the ample galleries was filled with the fairer portion of Creation—an unuſual compliment, as it is noted in the Journals of the day, that this was the firſt time in the Hiſtory of feſtive Scenes of this ſort in Providence, that Ladies by their preſence had graced the Gathering. The Hall was thronged. In addition to the Infantry and their immediate Gueſts, the Phalanx, the Old Guard were preſent in full force and uniform, and a large number of diſtinguiſhed Gentlemen, among whom were His Excellency *Gov.* Turner, with members of his Staff, (His Honor *Mayor* Knight was preſent as a member of the Old Guard,) *Hon.* Albert C. Greene, ex-U. S. Senator, *Hon.* James F. Simmons, *Hon.* Thomas Davis, *Hon.* Walter R. Danforth, *Hon.* Walter S. Burges, *Hon.* John R. Bartlett, *Secretary of State*, *Hon.* Albert S. Gallup, *Rev. Dr.* Barnas Sears, Preſident of Brown Univerſity, *Rev.* C. H. Fay, *Quar. Gen.* T. J. Stead, the Officers of the Marine Corps of Artillery, *Lt. Col.* N. Van Slyck of the Providence Artillery, *Col.* C. T. Robbins of the National Cadets, *Col.* H. T. Siffon of the Mechanic Rifles, and many other Gentlemen of note

and ſundry Members of the Rhode Iſland Bar. No event of ſimilar character in Providence has ever called together an aſſemblage of more diſtinguiſhed Individuals.

The Banquet itſelf was beyond all praiſe. Six long tables filled the Hall, covers were laid for four hundred and forty Perſons, and every ſeat was filled. An unuſually magnificent diſplay of flowers formed an additional attraction.

Col. W. W. Brown preſided. On his right were ſeated the Major Commandant and *Lieut.* Allyn, of the Phalanx; on the left, his Excellency *Gov.* Turner of Rhode Iſland, and *Mayor* Knight of Providence. A bleſſing was pronounced by the *Rev.* C. H. Fay, and after an hour devoted to the ſubſtantials ſpread before them, *Col.* Brown called the audience to order and briefly remarked as follows:

I am aware my poſition is ſuch that our ſtranger Friends moſt naturally turn their eyes towards me, expecting a ſpeech; but my Comrades and Fellow-citizens do not expect it. * * My Command, many years ago, very fortunately, paſſed a vote empowering me, under all circumſtances and on any Occaſion, to make a demand upon any Member. I therefore call upon my Commiſſary, Rodman.

Commiſſary Rodman reſponded to the call of his veteran Commander, and welcomed the Gueſts of the Corps in the following eloquent manner:

THE WELCOME.

Mr. Commandant, Officers and Privates of the Putnam Phalanx:— The annals of Rhode Iſland commence with the word "What-Cheer," the word of Welcome which fell upon the ear of him who firſt planted his foot within her Borders.

It is our Rhode Iſland word of Greeting and our municipal Watch-Word; and I aſſure you, Gentlemen, that the air never more joyouſly vibrated to its utterance than at this moment, while in behalf of our Commandant, and theſe my Brethren of the Firſt Light Infantry, I ſay to you each and all, "What-Cheer."

In thus welcoming you, the path opens moſt alluringly to indulge the aſſociations which the Occaſion ſo naturally awakens. Who can look upon your uniform and not feel the Patriotic and the emotional kindling and riſing within his breaſt?

Memories come thronging thick and faſt of all the Heroic ſtruggles of the Revolutionary Conteſt and thoſe which anteceded it. I now ſee in the darkneſs of Colonial Night your heroic Putnam chained and helpleſs between contending Hoſts, the bullets hurtling around him like a leaden ſtorm. I ſee the flames kindling around him at the ſtake, and hear the Indian's wild yell of fiendlike revenge. I ſee him at Bunker Hill with our own gallant Greene. Ay, Gentlemen, the whole Panorama of Freedom's ſtruggle paſſes in quick review before me as I look upon your honored coſtume. When theſe ſcenes are awakened (and they cannot be too often) how deeply ſhould the Fountains of our Gratitude be ſtirred, and how earneſtly ſhould our Patriotiſm be anew enkindled. General Putnam was yours—General Greene was ours, and both were Waſhington's, and Waſhington and all by whom he was ſurrounded were Freedom's, and all of Freedom's then, is ours by inheritance now.

They mingled their powers and ſympathies, and in concert reared the Altar of Liberty, and cemented with their valor the arches of its Holy Temple, and ever through its length and breadth ſhould roll, full-toned and ſtrong, one ceaſeleſs Anthem of united and grateful Praiſe.

But I ſee before me the honored Chief Magiſtrate of our little State, and I muſt not invade his prerogative—His honor the Mayor of our city, who will rightly claim the grateful privilege of welcoming you in behalf of his Fellow-citizens—and it only remains for me in the name of the Firſt Light Infantry, to extend to you a Soldier's Welcome—Welcome in the name of a Soldier's Brotherhood—Welcome as the Sons of one of the Old Thirteen—Welcome in the name of mingled Revolutionary memories—Welcome as Repreſentatives of one of the pureſt of Commonwealths—Welcome in the bonds of loved and cheriſhed memories of your beautiful City—Welcome as

Statesmen, Soldiers, Citizens, Men—Sons of the Land of Roger Sherman, to the City of Roger Williams.

We rouſe the drum with jocund roll,
While ſoul reſponſive beats to ſoul,
And makes theſe walls with echoes ring,
As now with heart and voice we ſing,
What-Cheer.

Swell the clarion loud and long,
Wake the harp to frolic ſong,
Let the cymbals claſhing meet,
While as one we now repeat,
What-Cheer.

Gem with deathleſs light the hours,
Garland them with fadeleſs flowers,
That in time's far diſtant night,
They may gleam with holy light,
Round the path of each and all
Now within this feſtive hall.

Muſic—"Hail to the Chief."

The Major Commandant of the Phalanx called upon *Lieut.* T. M. Allyn, *Mayor* of Hartford, to reſpond.

Speech of Lieut. Allyn.

Colonel Commandant, Officers and Soldiers of the First Light Infantry Company:—I was about to ſay, that it has ſeldom fallen to my lot to perform a more pleaſing ſervice, than has been aſſigned to me on this Occaſion; but after the eloquent introduction to which we have juſt liſtened, I am almoſt induced to indulge a different thought upon that ſubject.

As a repreſentative of the City of Hartford and as a member of the Putnam Phalanx, I ſeize this opportunity to tender to you our heartfelt Acknowledgments, at the kind and warm Reception you have given us to-day.

The relation between Civil and Military inſtitutions has, I think, been miſconceived in ſome meaſure. They are more neceſſary to each other than has been generally imagined. I am aware, Sir, that where the great maſs of a Community acts upon the ſtrict principles

of Juſtice and Equity—that great divine principle of "doing unto others as you would they ſhould do to you," there is no need, perhaps, of Civil Government, nor of Military Organizations, to aſſiſt and ſupport it; but ſuch an Organization is not ours, and we live not under ſo perfect and harmonious a ſyſtem of humanity as that. What is Civil Government? What enforces its laws? Is there any Power in the mere enactment of thoſe laws? No; we muſt look back of that, and there we ſee the firſt Military Organization of our Country.

I might go further, and ſay that without this Power to render certain and ſuſtain the execution of laws, Civil Government would be "as ſounding braſs and a tinkling cymbal"—a mere rope of ſand to be ſwept away in the firſt turmoil of riot within our borders, or upon the firſt inſurrection or rebellion within our Land.

To this arm we muſt look as the great Support of Civil Government in ſecuring the perpetuity of our beloved and cheriſhed Inſtitutions.

This Battalion, Sir, which bears the honored name of one of the diſtinguiſhed Heroes of the Revolution, is now returning from a battlefield of that great ſtruggle no leſs diſtinguiſhed than the heights of Bunker Hill; where the troops of Connecticut, New Hampſhire and Maſſachuſetts, met ſhoulder to ſhoulder, fought and bled and died —too many of them!—to emancipate three millions of people from the Colonial deſpotiſm of the Britiſh Empire, and to uſher into exiſtence the Nation which now extends over the vaſt plains of Independent America.

The moſt ſanguine of thoſe Heroes could hardly have anticipated the marvellous progreſs which we—knowing then little of manufactures and the mechanic arts, with a commerce monopolized by the Mother country—have already made, and it needs no prophetic inſpiration to foretell the ſpread of our Inſtitutions over the entire Continent of North America.

As I beheld the Stars and Stripes floating aloft on entering your beautiful City, I felt within my boſom a ſpirit of patriotic Pride in reflecting upon the rapid communication which enables us to paſs in a ſingle day through ſeveral of theſe independent Sovereignties, while at the ſame time I was a Citizen of the United States and entitled to all the rights and privileges of a Citizen of any State; and I truſt no future generation will be allowed to look upon that Flag with a ſingle Star or Stripe obliterated.

Our Country of to-day is the Country which the wiſdom and foreſight of our Fathers have made for us. It ſtill claims at our hands, and I truſt it will always receive, our warmeſt Affections and our continued Support.

Muſic—National Air.

Col. Brown aroſe and announced that *Aſſiſtant Commiſſary* Thomas A. Doyle had been appointed to act as Toaſt Maſter of the occaſion. In accepting the appointment, Mr. Doyle remarked as follows:

Speech of Assistant Commissary Doyle.

It is with a great deal of pleaſure that I find myſelf enabled to render any ſervice on an Occaſion of this nature, which tends to bring the Citizens of different States into friendly relations with each other, and to rivet the more cloſely the bonds of Brotherhood, in our common Country. The frequent interchange of ſocial courteſies between one State and another, and one ſection and another, will tend to ſtrengthen Government and greatly increaſe our Love of Country. Were they far more frequent than they now are, there would be fewer demagogues and more Patriots.

Could you have been with me in the recent viſit to the great City of the Weſt, and ſeen the men gathered from every State and Territory in our Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico; could you have beheld the meetings, as if from the ſame State and almoſt from the ſame Town, you would never fear that a ſingle Star or Stripe would ever be ſtricken from our National Emblem.

But it is not for me to ſpeak on this occaſion; I am only to call upon others. Permit me to ſay, however, in paſſing, that the Infantry Company claims among its members ſome of our moſt diſtinguiſhed men. The repreſentative of our City government, his Honor the Mayor, preſent on this occaſion, is a member of the Infantry. We alſo claim the Speaker of the Houſe of Repreſentatives, the Secretary of State, and with pride we point to his Excellency, our preſent Governor.

I give you, as the firſt regular toaſt—

The State of Rhode Iſland—One of the Old Thirteen, who with her veteran ſiſter, Connecticut, did battle for the Liberty we enjoy.

Muſic—"Old Bristol."

His Excellency *Gov.* Turner, of Rhode Iſland, roſe and reſponded as follows:

Speech of Governor Turner.

Colonel Commandant:—My thanks are due for being permitted to add a word of Welcome on this Occaſion, and allow me to ſay, at the outſet, that I am proud of being enrolled as a member of the Firſt Light Infantry Company.

By virtue of my office, I am Commander-in-chief of the Militia of this State. It is fitting that I ſhould participate in a feſtive Occaſion like the preſent, and it gives me great pleaſure on this evening to meet and welcome ſo many of the diſtinguiſhed Sons of Connecticut, and that pleaſure is greatly increaſed from the fact that for the firſt time I behold the preſence of Ladies to lend a charm to our feſtivities. I could wiſh that the capacity of this ſpacious Hall were doubled, that room might be made for them at the tables by our ſides.

Gentlemen of the Putnam Phalanx—I feel ſure that I expreſs the ſentiments of all my Conſtituents, when I, as their repreſentative and as Commander-in-Chief of the Military of Rhode Iſland, welcome you, as I now do, to our little State.

It is a ſource of great gratification to me, as it is to all Lovers of their Country to witneſs the kindly feelings that exiſt between the Citizens of the ſeveral States of this Union. This mutual good feeling ſhould be cheriſhed and encouraged by every honeſt, laudable means, and I know of no way more effectual than by ſuch Gatherings as the preſent.

In welcoming you to Rhode Iſland I feel that we are honored by ſuch a viſit from our friends, the Military of a ſiſter State, and in welcoming an Organization like that before me, which ſo nobly repreſents the Military of Connecticut. We bid you a hearty Welcome to all that we have that will add to the real enjoyment of your viſit to our City.

I had an opportunity, Gentlemen, on a recent occaſion, in company with the Firſt Light Infantry, on their viſit to Connecticut, to witneſs

and partake of the hoſpitalities of His Excellency Governor Buckingham, and I am diſappointed at not ſeeing him on this Occaſion; his preſence would have added ſtill more to the pleaſure of our meeting.

There is a Gentleman preſent who is too modeſt, I underſtand, to ſpeak in praiſe of his own State, but would accept the privilege of ſpeaking for Rhode Iſland. I will give you as a ſentiment, and call upon the Hon. I. W. Stuart, of Hartford, to reſpond to that portion of it:

The Volunteer Militia of Connecticut and Rhode Iſland—They are not only good Soldiers, but an honor to their native States.

Hon. I. W. Stuart, *Judge Advocate* of the Putnam Phalanx, reſponded as follows:

Speech of Judge Advocate Stuart.

Colonel Commandant, and Officers and Soldiers of the First Light Infantry Company:—Were I to expreſs the predominating ſatisfaction in my own mind juſt at this moment, I ſhould ſay it lies in the fact that I am here, with the Putnam Phalanx, from old Connecticut, participating in the good old State of Rhode Iſland, in a Feſtivity which fills the body with repaſt, the Mind with thoughtfulneſs, and the Hearts of the Putnam Phalanx, I am ſure, with thankfulneſs for the courteſy and bounty of the Providence Firſt Light Infantry. You have indeed made us at home here, Colonel Brown, and with ſuch prodigal and cordial Hoſpitality for a ſtimulant as this with which our Battalion is now ſurrounded, I ſhall take very great pleaſure, I aſſure you, in reſponding to the toaſt to your State.

Connecticut and Rhode Iſland, Sir, took out their Charters of Government—thoſe ſubſtantial ones which they received from Charles the Second—at very nearly one and the ſame time. They enjoyed under them the ſame Powers, the ſame Privileges, the ſame Immunities. They alone, of all the Old Thirteen Colonies, could point to them as to the Parchments of true Freedom; and ſpite of the colliſion occaſioned for a while by their clauſes relating to territory—ſpite of the temporary uſurpations of the tyrannizing Sir Edmond Andros—and in defiance of all the inſidious attacks of enemies to the Colonies, of Britiſh Parliaments, and of the Crown,—Connecticut and Rhode Iſland, ſide by ſide, and ſhoulder to ſhoulder—we, for One hundred and fifty-ſix years, you here, your Excellency, for One

hundred and ſeventy-nine, I think,—lived, loved, and glorioufly proſpered under theſe Sovereign Grants; grants which continued to form the Conſtitutions of our reſpective States for a period long ſubſequent to the Revolution.

It is with an eſpecial ſympathy, therefore, of pleaſure and of pride, that the citizens of Connecticut look upon Rhode Iſland, when the curtain is lifted from her Paſt—as, gratefully to myſelf, I am called upon to lift it now, and to reveal ſome of the Monuments which, under her old Charter, ſhe has erected to Liberty and to God.

Far back—even in your infancy as a State—we behold your People, even when they were fighting the wilderneſs, a proſperous Community. But eighteen years only after your illuſtrious Roger Williams, with Harris and Smith, and Verin, and Angell, and Wickes, his five companions, firſt in a ſingle canoe croſſed the Seekonk, to found this your City of Providence, we find your People, as in their own recorded language they ſay, drinking "of the cup of as great Liberties" as any that they could hear of "under the whole Heaven"; and ſo exempt from the burden of public charges, they add, as even "not to know what an Exciſe meant," and to have "almoſt forgotten what Tithes—yea, or Taxes—were, either to Church or Commonwealth." To this effect, gentlemen, your own town of Providence officially reports, through Gregory Dexter, its Clerk, in a letter addreſſed to Sir Henry Vane, in the gray Year of ſixteen hundred and fifty-four!

And down from this early period, down upon the ſtream of Time as Rhode Iſland moves, we find a praiſeworthy progreſs in her Laws, her Inſtitutions, her Education, her Induſtry, and her Arts. With her power inextricably lodged in the hands of her People—with her Spirit, in general, high-toned by Good Morals and Religion—with her Labor enterpriſing, ambitious, inventive, and accumulative—the Anchor for her ſeal, and Hope for her motto—ſhe has ſteadily advanced in a career of proſperity whoſe Fruits at the preſent moment—whoſe coveted fruits of Health, Wealth, and Content—are plucked, proportionably to her territorial extent, by as many happy hands as anywhere upon the face of the American Continent are ſtretched out for human Bleſſings.

As we come down to the Revolutionary period—that with which the Putnam Phalanx is more immediately concerned—our intereſt in your Hiſtory becomes deepened. For here, emphatically, and in

cloſer Union than any other States among the Old Thirteen—ſave Maſſachuſetts—Rhode Iſland and Connecticut played conſpicuous parts, and it is with uncommon ſatisfaction, therefore, that we of this Phalanx recall the manner in which Rhode Iſland performed her Role.

The ſpirited oppoſition of your People, ere the Revolution broke out, to the odious Revenue acts of Great Britain—your ſpecial and frequent Town Aſſemblies, particularly here in Providence, in which you boldly denounced theſe acts as encroachments, all of them, on the inconteſtible Rights of "his Majeſty's liege ſubjects" everywhere; your Reſolutions, far back as Auguſt, 1765, in which, with a directneſs and daring hardly ſurpaſſed even by thoſe immortal Reſolves of Patrick Henry's, on the ſame ſubject, in the land of the Old Dominion, you declared againſt the public grievances, and pointed to Independence; the Illuminations, and *feu de joies*, and Toaſts, and Speeches, and other thouſand rejoicings, with which you celebrated the repeal of the hated Stamp Act, and in 1768, formally dedicated your Tree of Liberty; the Oath your people took beneath that tree, "in the name and behalf," as was their language upon the occaſion, "in the name and behalf of all the true Sons of Liberty in America, Great Britain, Ireland, Corſica, or whereſoever they may be diſperſed throughout the world," to ſupport and maintain the Freedom which "our renowned Forefathers ſought out and found under trees, and in the wilderneſs"—all theſe your Acts and Pledges in behalf of Liberty which preceded the outbreak of the Revolution, this Phalanx dwells upon with heartfelt pride.

With pride alſo we gaze, through the glaſs of Hiſtory, upon your little Squadron of long boats, eight in number, and crowded with a band of your daring Shipmaſters and Merchants, as, in the Spring of 1772, under the command of your intrepid Whipple, they carried that Oath of Rhode Iſland reſiſtance to which I have referred into ſtartling effect, and burned the offenſive Gaſpee to the water's edge. There—in that exploit down upon Namquit Point—we of this Phalanx hail the *firſt* open and armed oppoſition upon the American Continent of the American Colonies, to the King of England's martial power. For there, juſt at that moment when Ruddington, the Commander of the Gaſpee, diſcharged at the approaching Party the piſtols which he held, and in return was wounded by a muſket ball in the left groin, there was ſhed, in fact, the *firſt blood* of the American

Revolution. A Providence man it was who fired the firſt defenſive Gun in this great Conteſt, and at a Company of Providence men it was that the firſt Britiſh ball was diſcharged. Men of Rhode Iſland, you wear the Laurel from this ſource, to your glory, and forever!

Again, gentlemen, we follow you with lively joy, in March, 1775, to the public Market-place in this your City of Providence, and there behold your People kindle a craving fire, and at the time when Tea was made the vehicle of a moſt unconſtitutional tax, burn up the obnoxious ſhrub—the Free-will Offering, moſt of it, of your patriotic Ladies; Aye, Ladies, [ſaid the ſpeaker, addreſſing the numerous Fair Ones who graced the Gallery of the Hall,] claim the force of this patriotic fact all to yourſelves. And, Gentlemen, we ſee your People juſt at this moment of the conflagration, add to its fuel the hoſtile Speech of the Prime Miniſter of England, Lord North's; and the Tory journals of Rivington, and Mills, and Hicks—while one of your ſpirited Sons of Liberty, lampblack and bruſh in hand, perambulated your ſtreets, unpainting and obliterating the word *Tea* from all the ſhop ſigns of your Town—and not one Soul within your borders was found "poor enough to do reverence" as a mourner at this your funeral of Madame Souchong.

We gaze, too, with pride upon your full One thouſand men, who rouſed by the Lexington Alarm, paraded at once here in your City, for a quick march to the ſcene of ſtrife—while the flaming Beacon from your Eaſt Hill, told to Newport, and your whole ſurrounding country even to Proſpect Hill in Cambridge, and to our own New London and Norwich, and diſtant Pomfret, the fierce alarms of War—

> "Like an exhaled meteor,
> Blazing forth the portents of broached miſchief
> To the times."

It was the fortune of War, Gentlemen of Rhode Iſland, in that great Struggle which made us free, as is familiar hiſtory, that Newport, and the Iſland upon which it reſts, for upwards of three years, ſhould remain in the poſſeſſion of the enemy. Now, gentlemen, the Putnam Phalanx recalls with deep intereſt the fact, that when in December, 1776, that huge Britiſh fleet, with four thouſand troops under Sir Henry Clinton, puſhed up Narraganſett Bay and ſeized your beautiful Newport, and fearfully menaced the whole adjacent country—Connecticut—inſtantaneouſly rouſed to action by her patriotic Governor Trumbull—not only ſent you her Dyer, and Law, and Wales, and

Hofmer, here at Providence, in union with Committees from all the New England States, to concert meafures "for mutual and immediate defence and fafety"—but fent you alfo Ten hundred and ninety-two of her Soldier-fons, together with a gallant Troop of Light Horfe under her brave Major Ebenezer Backus, and an abundance of military ftores—here in conjunction with your own Troops—your "Independent Companies" of Providence particularly, and your Artillery, under the ever active Col. Daniel Tillinghaft—here gallantly to ftrive againft the appalling Invafion.

And we recall alfo with intereft the fact, that when in 1778, upon a freth Enterprife to expel the Enemy from Newport, Sullivan, then in chief command, fent to Connecticut for more Troops, again our Governor—in addition to Seven hundred and twenty-eight men from our State already then quartered with you—fpeedily fent you on Seven companies more, together with numerous Volunteers, one hundred barrels of powder, and other copious ftores—once again with the brave Soldiery of Rhode Ifland to co-operate againft the Foe.

And pleafantly alfo we recall the fact, that in 1779, Connecticut furnifhed yet another large Quota of Troops to the Rhode Ifland defence. And what is more—and is ftrikingly expreffive of her fympathy for your People—when the long prefence of the Foe had cut off your Trade here, and your Navigation and Fifhery, and debarred many of your Citizens from cultivating their lands, and a famine, in confequence, ftared them in the face, Connecticut promptly fent you relief in food—fent you feven thoufand bufhels of grain—fent you money—collecting her contributions through a warrant in favor of your Jonathan Otis and Oliver K. Warner of Newport, which, by Governor Trumbull himfelf, was addreffed to every Religious Society in our State, and was met by a hearty and humane refponfe.

And when, in 1780, another moft formidable Britifh fleet menaced Newport—in refponfe to the preffing folicitations of Gen. Heath and your own Governor Greene, Connecticut again quickly fent you aid. She fent you half the men from her four eaftern Brigades—her Troop of Veterans from Canterbury under Capt. Timothy Backus, and her Company of Matroffes from Pomfret under Captain Daniel Tyler—once more, in warm concert with Rhode Ifland and Continental Troops, to labor for the expulfion of the Foe.

And when, through the extraordinary and precipitate abandonment by the Foe of Newport, the pall of Britifh power, to the univerfal

Joy, was at laſt, Gentlemen, lifted from your beautiful ſeaboard, no State in the Union, more than Connecticut, let me aſſure you, was gladdened by the reſult. Long and unflinchingly had you here of Rhode Iſland ſtriven to accompliſh this triumphant reſult; and at laſt you rejoiced in it. In defiance of dangers which, much of the time, ſtared you in the face more imminently than they did moſt other States, you devoted your blood and your treaſure to the Revolutionary ſtruggle—day after day and year after year—with a Spirit that never quailed, and an Energy that never faltered. This you did, not only upon the land, but alſo upon the ſtormy ſeas—upon which your gallant Cruiſers, like the *Hawk* under your immortal Silas Talbut, achieved many conſpicuous triumphs; and upon which it is your juſt boaſt, that in Auguſt, 1775, through inſtructions from your General Aſſembly to your Delegates then in Congreſs, you made the firſt movement in the American States for the eſtabliſhment of a Continental Navy, and gave to this Navy, when it was founded, in Commodore Ezek Hopkins, its firſt Commander-in-chief.

Juſtly, then, Sir, does the Battalion which I have the honor now to repreſent, warm with ſuch military Memories as theſe to which I allude, and to the Proweſs of Rhode Iſland, render the tribute of its patriotic reſpect. Organized as we are, as I have already ſuggeſted, for the eſpecial purpoſe of renewing and ſtimulating thoſe thoughts and aſſociations which cluſter around the glorious War for American Independence, our hearts, Gentlemen, let me aſſure you, beat high when we find, that to our own Connecticut treaſure-houſe of the Revolutionary Paſt, we can add a ſtore of Memories ſo rich and varied, and patriotic, as thoſe which ſpring up here among the beautiful Iſles and along the hiſtoric Headlands of fair Narraganſett Bay.

Your Governor Greene, the perſonal Friend, and intimate military Coadjutor of our own immortal "Rebel" Governor Trumbull—your Brigadier General Greene, next to Waſhington probably the moſt accompliſhed Officer in the American ſervice of the Revolution—your Ezek Hopkins, the firſt Commodore, as I have ſaid, of our Continental Navy, and the victor at Naſſau—your heroic Commodore Whipple, and Major Talbut, and Colonel Tillinghaſt, and Colonel Olney—your John Brown, that eminently bold and ceaſeleſſly enterpriſing lover of Liberty, who, chiefly, I believe, contrived the conflagration of the Gaſpee—your John Updike, David Howell, William Rhodes, Paul Allen, Jonathan Arnold, William Earle, Ambroſe Page, Theo-

dore Foſter, William Ruſſell, Nicholas Cooke, Joſeph Brown, Jabez Bowen, and others your leading Patriots and gallant men—all, both on the Land, and on the Sea, whom you gave to the counſels, and with whom you recruited the Battalions of the Continent—theſe are all the pride of the Putnam Phalanx, as well as your own—the pride alſo of Connecticut—the pride, too, of our whole Country. We claim a ſhare in the renown of them all. Their patriotic Virtues, their diſintereſtedneſs, their zeal, their ſublime endurance, their joys, their ſorrows, their reverſes, their triumphs—we alſo lay title to theſe as part and parcel, interwoven, indiſſolubly interwoven with our great National Heritage of Freedom.

Happy, Gentlemen, the lot of Rhode Iſland to have participated ſo reputably as ſhe did in the Revolutionary Struggle! Happy, particularly, the fortune of Providence to have been, as ſhe was, one among the Leaders in our midſt—one among the foremoſt in that great and good Work, which, not only within her own captivating borders, but elſewhere from ſea to ſea, over a gigantic Continent, has ſpread the munificent and imperiſhable ſunſhine of Liberty.

In concluſion, Gentlemen, allow me to propoſe a ſentiment:

Rhode Iſland and Connecticut—Connecticut and Rhode Iſland—Twin nurſes, ever vigorous, of Colonial and Revolutionary Freedom. May their patriotic Hiſtory be written forever in the hearts of the American People!

Second regular toaſt—

The State of Connecticut—The Mother of a numerous and diſtinguiſhed progeny of Heroes. The memory of the nobleſt of them all is perpetuated in the Putnam Phalanx.

Col. Iriſh, of *Gov.* Buckingham's Staff, was called upon to reſpond, which he did by a ſummons upon *Hon.* H. C. Deming, of Hartford, who ſpoke as follows:

Speech of Assistant Commissary Deming.

Colonel Commandant and Gentlemen:—I ſuppoſed that my friend from New London was too much of a Soldier, and alſo too much of an Orator, to call upon a Soldier to play the part of an Orator; more eſpecially, a heavy Infantry Soldier, exhauſted by an arduous Campaign.

There are certain Occupations which, when united in the ſame Individual, are congenial and harmonious, and certain other Occupations, Profeſſions and Trades which, when united in the ſame Individual, are uncongenial and inharmonious. The profeſſion of Preacher and Lecturer is of the former claſs, for he can lecture his ſermons and preach his lectures; ſo of the Banker and Broker, for the Broker can ſhave notes with the bills which the Banker manufactures by the wholeſale; the butcher and boarding-houſe keeper have certain affinities, for the boarding-houſe keeper can uſe the unſaleable joints of the butcher. I have heard it intimated too, that the dog-fancier and ſauſage-maker may be profitably united in the ſame individual, and ſome malignant cynic has aſſerted, (I hope the Surgeons of the different Battalions will pardon me for repeating the ſcandal,) that the Doctor and Undertaker ſhould always be united.

The moſt uncongenial and inharmonious blending, however, which in my experience I ever diſcovered in the ſame Individual, is that of Soldier and Orator—particularly if you chance to be a Soldier in a heavy Infantry Company.

The Orator muſt think; but what chance is there of thinking when the ſmall modicum of mind with which you are endowed is altogether engroſſed in attempting to keep ſtep, or in catching it after it is loſt—a manœuvre conſummately perplexing to me.—The Orator muſt have breath, but what breath is left in a heavy Infantry Orator after a five miles march. "Action, action, action," we are told by the chief of Orators, the Orator muſt have, but what action is left in a "Ph'lanx" Orator after theſe long marches and countermarches, and the taking of Boſton and Charleſtown by ſtorm. Were I here as an Orator, I ſhould attempt (though I preſume unſucceſsfully,) to do my *devoir* as an Orator; but I *am* here as a Soldier, and wiſh to be judged by you, Mr. Governor, and Colonel Commandant, by the perfection of my equipments and the preciſion of my drill.

For theſe reaſons, my friend of Gov. Buckingham's Staff muſt not expect to ſhove off his appropriate Duties on to my worn-out martial energies. I ſuppoſed he was too correct a Soldier to attempt it; it is not according to the Steuben drill, nor has ſuch an attempt been made ſince the "Ph'lanx" was an Inſtitution.

My friend from New London has alſo called upon the *Hon.* Henry C. Deming to reſpond to this toaſt—an error into which I hardly expected ſo exact a Tactician would fall. We have no ſuch handles

to our names in the Military. If there is anybody with that rather uncommon prefix, he ought to be at home attending to his buſineſs, and not trooping round the Country in regimentals. It is the Aſſiſtant Commiſſary of the Putnam Phalanx that you ſee before you—Lieut. Henry C. Deming.

Providence muſt either be one of the moſt agreeable places in the World, or I chance to light upon it in its happieſt moods, and to meet all its pleaſanteſt People. The aſpect of things about the Depot impreſſes the ſtranger favorably. The Area there is ſpacious, and was to-day certainly ſufficient *airy;* the Streets are all wide and well paved, the gutters bridged at the croſſwalks with theſe neat and convenient iron coverings; the Pavements are broad and ſmooth, and clean and well curbed;—I call upon our Superintendent of Streets to make note of this. The Houſes have a comfortable look, and the whole City the appearance of a permanent dwelling place inſtead of a temporary encampment. The Ladies are all handſome, and ſend handſome bouquets to eloquent Judge Advocates. The Men are all hoſpitable: one hurries you off to his houſe, and before you have fairly picked your teeth another gathers you into his. Your Inſtitutions of Learning, of Humanity and Philanthropy, your Colleges, your Libraries, your Military Companies, particularly the Firſt Light Infantry Company and your Old Veteran Guard—your ſteam fire engines, your palaces of induſtry, filled to overflowing with life, and dextrous and ſemi-vitalized machinery; your men too—your Browns, Greenes, Anthonys, Waylands, Sears—everything I ſee around me in this beautiful City is ſuch as to fill the meaſure of the grandeſt municipal Ambition.

But it is not theſe ſuperficial Beauties which turn the thoughtful traveller and the ſtudent of human progreſs to Providence. Here was the Birth-place and Cradle of one of the greateſt reforms in opinion and practice that ever ſhowered benediction on the human race. Why, Sir, this round World of ours was old and hoary and ſcared with crime, before it was diſcovered that Opinion and Conſcience ſhould be free. And where was Toleration firſt born and firſt practiced? Not in the Maſter States of Antiquity. Not amid the ſchools and groves of Athens; witneſs the firſt great Maſter of intellectual Freedom taking the poiſoned cup from the weeping Jailor! Not in Rome; for the whole Hiſtory of ancient and modern Rome is one of Perſecution. Not in France, before or after the Baſtile, nor in Eng-

land before or ſince the Reformation. It was not brought to this new Hemiſphere by thoſe who perſecuted Quakers and baniſhed Baptiſts. Here it was born, here in your City of Providence: and here, I pray, it may be forever moſt religiouſly protected.

But the ſentiment to which Col. Iriſh—a Soldier off duty, and a *light* Infantry one alſo—ſhould have reſponded, calls me to Connecticut. If I could amend the ſentiment ſo that it ſhould read—"The State of Connecticut—The Mother of a numerous and diſtinguiſhed progeny, ſome of the *hugeſt* of whom are to be found in the Putnam Phalanx," I could prove the propoſition, demonſtratively, upon the ſpot. I would make *profert* of our Standard-bearer, and "reſt." But ſeriouſly, I have nothing new to tell little Rhody, our neareſt neighbor, of any of our Heroes, moral or military. Of Putnam, too, the merely feſtive nature of this Occaſion permits me to ſay but a word.

If Connecticut had foreſeen her Future from 1745 to the Revolutionary period, and made for herſelf a Hero, ſhe would have forever forfeited her repute for practical common-ſenſe, if ſhe had not made preciſely ſuch an one as Iſrael Putnam. The ſtyle of Hero which thoſe Thirty Years demanded, was eſſentially military, for Wars and Convulſions deciſive of our Deſtiny were diſtinctly prognoſticated, and yet a military Hero that was adapted to our peculiar wants, graded to our ſcale, and willing to make himſelf generally uſeful. We were a feeble Folk, far away in the backwoods, juſt opening a ſtingy ſoil to tillage, juſt beginning to raiſe Crops enough for Home conſumption, with naught but homeſpun manufactures, with the meageреſt foreign Commerce, in wholeſome fear of Indian maſſacre—for in 1746 the tomahawk and ſcalping-knife had been freely uſed within a few hours' march of our Borders—environed with French ſettlements and poſts, and at times in imminent danger of vaſſalage to the houſe of Bourbon, and liable to requiſitions from our own Sovereign Liege whenever the Wars of European ambition kindled into flames his American Dominions. What this little frugal Colony, with its narrow theatre and diminutive operations, could have done with a Hero of more magnificent and coloſſal proportions—an Alexander, a Cromwell, a Napoleon—except to offer itſelf up as one meal to his inſatiate maw, it is impoſſible to conceive. We craved a Hero of dauntleſs pluck, of unweariſome endurance, ſhrewd, generous, ſelf-abnegating, fertile in expedients, with more Genius for foreſt Warfare than for pitched Bat-

tles and complicated Campaigns—a Man of muſcle and might and will, capable of intenſe wrath and invincible obſtinacy, who could bend or break into military ſubordination and truſtful ſelf-ſurrender, the Connecticut levies, raw, verdant, awkward as Soldiers, but independent and ſelf-complacent as Freeholders, while under his ſtubborn and imperious rule they were marched to Ticonderoga, or Frontenac, or Havana, or wherever elſe His Majeſty choſe to order them; and, after the Campaign was over and the Troops diſcharged, could render an exact and conſcionable account of receipts and diſburſements to the Commiſſioners of the Pay Table. We wanted a Hero ſhaped more like a Cincinnatus than a Cæſar, who in the breathing times of Peace, could join his Fellow-citizens in productive induſtry, and ſupport the Goſpel, and ſit in the General Aſſembly, no uſeleſs drone in our hive, no barnacle on our poor treaſury—a Hero who, in the fullneſs of time, when petitions, prayers and remonſtrances had all failed, and our Inborn Rights and Privileges were brought to the arbitrament of the Battle-field, held in himſelf a ſufficient volume of ſlumbering Courage and martial Enthuſiaſm to electrify our whole People, and dared to lead a ſturdy Yeomanry where any dared to follow. The Model Man whom our Era and Environments craved was none of your imperial Spirits who bend all Mankind into homage and contemn the civil power and croſs Rubicons, and convulſe the World, but a Shield and Sword to an infant Commonwealth in a ſteady ſtruggle with untamed Nature, and with ſavage and civilized Foes, the Farmer that could ſubdue the ſtubborneſt glebe, the Hunter that could cope with its moſt formidable beaſts of prey, the Ranger that could baniſh the terror of the Indian, and give ſecurity to the Traveller in the foreſt, the Laborer in the field, and the Child in the cradle, the advanced Guard on the Canadian war path, behind whom the Women and the Children could ſleep ſecure, the truſted Leader who could hold our untried Plowmen to a breaſtwork of hay through three aſſaults from Britiſh Grenadiers.

It has always ſeemed to me that the ante-Revolutionary ſervices of Putnam, in many reſpects moſt remarkable, have been dimmed by the more familiar glare of his Revolutionary exploits. The importance of the firſt of theſe Wars, in evolving the deſtiny of Humanity on this Continent, has alſo been obſcured by the more palpable ſignificance of what we call, *par excellence*, the War of Independence. They were both wars of independence—the one of independence

from the Gallic race and the reactionary influences of cotemporary Gallic civilization; the other, of independence from the fetters which the narrow bigotry of the Engliſh Colonial Syſtem impoſed upon Commerce, Manufactures and Trade, and alſo, from the Parliamentary uſurpations of our Motherland. In that minute ſegment of time that ſeparates the Peace of '63 from the Battle of Lexington, the whole future of the Weſtern Hemiſphere lay "like unborn foreſts in an acorn cup." In that old War which expelled from this Continent the French, and the feudal barbarities they were planting here, no Regular, not even Wolfe, no Provincial not excepting Waſhington, played a more conſpicuous and impoſing part than Iſrael Putnam. Had he lived in the early days of Greece and Rome when human knowledge was tranſmitted by tradition, he would have been regarded, ſo Herculean were his warlike labors, as a Myth, a Child rather of Fable than of Hiſtory. He plunged with Williams of Williamſtown into the bloody defile where that dauntleſs Philanthropiſt fell; he ſtruggled with Lyman for his dearly bought victory over Dieſkau; he received the dying Lord Howe in his arms before the fatal breaſt work of Ticonderoga; he marched with Bradſteet to Preſque Iſle, and when Spain became a party to the ſtrife, he ſerved under Albermarle in the Weſt Indies, and ſcratched from the crevices of the rocky ſoil the earth on which the Siege Artillery was planted that thundered againſt Havana. He marched with Amherſt to Montreal by the roundabout way of the New York wilderneſs, lake Ontario and the river St. Lawrence. What would the Phalanx ſay to a march like that!

The part of this large field, thus haſtily ſketched in outline, which Putnam moſt bountifully filled in with his peculiar and characteriſtic Audacity, was that region of unſurpaſſed natural beauty where, on the ſide of France, Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and on that of England, Fort William Henry and Edward, ſtand as ſentinels at the gateway of the Canadas, and Lake George and the head-waters of the Hudſon lie in the embrace of mountains. Take a point at the foot of Lake George, and ſweep round it a circle with ſome ten or twelve miles radius, and you will ſcarcely find a ſquare foot of earth that has not been preſſed by the foot, nor a reach of water that has not been cut by the oar of old Put.

Theſe and his Revolutionary ſervices conſtitute his claim upon the everlaſting Gratitude of that Colony to which he was the military right Arm for more than twenty-five years. And what has our Colo-

ny done to reward ſuch ſervices? Built a ſmall box of granite over his Remains and covered it with a cheap ſtone now broken and defaced. The greateſt Pride of my connection with this Putnam Phalanx is not in the Military laurels it has juſt won, but in my knowledge that the Determination is living and burning in the breaſt of many of its Members, to build over theſe Immortal Aſhes, a Monument, not altogether incommenſurate with our obligations, not altogether unworthy his world-wide Fame.

Third regular toaſt—

The Senate of the United States—May Dignity and Integrity ever characterize the Councils of this, one of the moſt influential Political Bodies in the World.

Muſic—"Star-Spangled Banner."

Reſponded to by *Hon.* James F. Simmons, of the United States Senate.

Fourth regular toaſt—

The City of Providence—Her Workſhops, her Factories, and her Warehouſes afford the beſt Evidence of her Proſperity.

Muſic—"Twilight Dews."

His Honor Jabez B. Knight, *Mayor* of Providence, reſponded to the above ſentiment.

Mayor Knight's Address.

Mr. Commander:—I am very glad of this opportunity to extend to your Gueſts upon this Occaſion, the Officers and Members of the Putnam Phalanx, a cordial Welcome to our City, and in behalf of my Fellow-citizens to expreſs the pleaſure which their preſence here gives us all.

Gentlemen, we have often heard of your Aſſociation, and of your efficiency and diſcipline as a Military Body, and as the Chief Magiſtrate of our City, I offer you ſuch Hoſpitalities and Attention as we can beſtow. Our Citizens have looked forward to this Day with

more than ordinary intereſt, and I ſpeak the general feeling when I tell you they are highly gratified, not only with ſeeing you here, but pleaſed to do all in their power to make your viſit pleaſant and agreeable. We are honored by your preſence, Gentlemen, and we wiſh you to feel at home among us, and truſt you will enjoy your viſit here. We are honored with the preſence of the Chief Magiſtrate of your City, His Honor Mayor Allyn; to him I would extend a heartfelt and an earneſt Welcome to our City, and I beg leave to aſſure him that we are happy to ſee him here. We had many reaſons for deſiring to ſee you. You have among you many Gentlemen to whom we are indebted for kindneſſes and attentions in times paſt. The intercourſe between your City and ours, and between your Citizens and ours, ſince the opening of the Railroad, has been intimate and friendly; and I deſire to tender to you my congratulations upon the high poſition your City maintains, and for the Proſperity and Succeſs which have always attended her. Her Inſtitutions are among the beſt in the Land; the Induſtry and Enterpriſe of her Citizens are not ſurpaſſed anywhere. I truſt ſhe will continue to extend and increaſe in uſefulneſs, and in all that pertains to her Welfare and to the Happineſs of her People. You have with you, alſo, thoſe who have occupied poſitions of honor and truſt in Public Affairs; Gentlemen who have made their names honored abroad and at home; whoſe ſervices have been of great value to their Country and to their Home. To all I bid a cordial and heartfelt Welcome.

In concluſion, permit me to expreſs the hope that the Cities of Hartford and Providence, which are bound together with Bands of Iron, may be ſtill more cloſely cemented by the Ties of Friendſhip, and enjoy a further and better acquaintance.

At this point of the proceedings *ex-Mayor* Rodman roſe and preſented to the Phalanx a fragment of the Roger Williams rock, with the following appropriate remarks:

While I ſat liſtening to the eloquent remarks of the Gentleman from Hartford, as he ſpoke of the Memories of our Revolutionary Hiſtory, the thought preſented itſelf to my mind, that the richeſt of all the mental powers, is Memory. How we love to revel in its ſunſhine,

Gentlemen. How we joy to go back to the Hours of Childhood and to live over again its frolic and its fun, and how all along the pathway of Life, this Power cheers and enlivens the Soul. In our hours of deſpondency how it awakens reflection, and we walk down through memory's Picture Gallery and by the aid of that ſtrange, myſterious power of ſeparation, we veil the dark and gloomy, and linger long and lovingly before thoſe that glow all around with the Spring-like Garlands of Affection and of Hope. Such a Picture is now preſent to my mind; and my Brothers of the Infantry well know to what I allude. I ſpeak of that viſit to Hartford, a few years ſince, which can never fade from our Memories ſo long as the Revolutionary Memories there awakened by the ſame lips which have thrilled you this Evening, are thrilling and echoing through our chambers of delightful recollection.

You well recollect, Brethren of the Infantry, that on our arrival in Hartford, the honorable Gentleman led us up to one of thoſe Old Monuments of the Paſt, ever preſent to our Memory by this Gift before you, (a piece of the old Charter Oak in a glaſs caſe and ſuitably inſcribed, and preſented to the Infantry ſome years ſince by Mr. Stuart.) Juſt before our arrival there, that old foreſt Monarch had fallen to the Earth.

Our Fathers found it ſtanding there, and there in obedience to the requeſt of the Red Man it was permitted to ſtand, for when it put forth its leaves in the Spring-time he knew it was the hour to plant the maize; and thus it ſtood ſecure from the vandaliſm of Civilization, becauſe the Savage pleaded for it;—and for—oh how holy a purpoſe was it preſerved. The hand of your own Wadſworth conſecrated it, when he placed beneath, and within it, that old Charter to which my Brother has ſo gracefully alluded in connection with our own. It is proſtrate now—but it fell like a true Hero. It ſuccumbed only to Death. Storms aſſailed it—the Lightning madly hurtled around it; but it defied their every aſſault—and only by the gradual decay of Age, and beneath the corroding touch of Time, did it yield its power, and then fell full of years, clothed with all the memories of our Nation's life. Like Royalty in ruins, that old King lay before us, and to perpetuate the memory of ſo illuſtrious a Landmark in the pathway of our Liberty and our Progreſs, this fragment of the Charter Oak was preſented to the Firſt Light Infantry, by our honored Friend.

What return can we make to the Putnam Phalanx, my Brethren,

for ſuch a Gift? What can we preſent as a counterpart to it? With your permiſſion, Mr. Commandant, in the name and in behalf of the Firſt Light Infantry Company, I preſent you with this fragment of "Roger Williams Rock," upon which I have taken the liberty of inſcribing—"This fragment of Roger Williams Rock is presented to the Putnam Phalanx, of Hartford, Conn., by the First Light Infantry Company of Providence, R. I., October 6th, 1859."

As that Charter Oak ſtood upon your ſoil as a Memorial of our Fathers, ſo, Sir, that conſecrated old Rock ſtill remains on the borders of our State, and that Rock, Sir, felt the firſt foot-fall of the white man when he came here preaching that Liberty which not only burſt the ſhackles which bind the Body, but which ſhould ſet the Soul of man free to worſhip God, here and throughout the World, from that time forth, forever.

Hallowed as are the memories of your Charter Oak, and hallowed as the aſſociations are of this Pilgrim Rock, and as pleaſant as it would be to indulge them now; I am admoniſhed by the flying moments that I muſt pauſe.

More I need not ſay, and Sir, ſo long as the memory of that Oak lives, ſo long as that Rock exiſts upon the boſom of the Earth, and ſo long as that fragment defies the corroding touch of Time, ſo long may theſe Memories mingle and intermingle, and may they continue thus to ſtrengthen the bond of Union that exiſts between fellow States, until not the Stars in our Flag, but until yonder Spheres fall from the ſtarry Concave, and the Sun goes out in the blackneſs of everlaſting Night.

Mr. Commandant, I had purpoſed ſpeaking in a more playful ſtrain, but the ſterner prompting has ruled my utterance, and withholding, that which would make it fully appropriate, I offer you, in cloſing, the following ſentiment:—

> The Name and the Fame of gallant "Old Put."
> Who never would halt for an "if" or a "but,"
> But all through his Life regarded it crime,
> When the order was "march," to ever "mark time."

Mr. Stuart's Reply.

Worthy Mr. Rodman, ſaid the *Judge Advocate,* immediately riſing —No Gift more acceptable could have been preſented to the Putnam Phalanx than that with which you have juſt now ſurpriſed and hon-

ored us—and in behalf of the Putnam Phalanx I ſincerely thank you for it. It cluſters deeply intereſting Aſſociations—for in the ſame year in which your Roger Williams, in a little canoe—"every ſtroke of whoſe paddle removed him farther and farther from every veſtige of Civilization"—croſſed the Seekonk to found your City of Providence, our venerable Hooker and Haynes croſſed the great River of Connecticut to found Hartford. Himſelf, and the firſt Governor of our State, were warm perſonal Friends. They were allied in taſte—were alike benignant—were joint lovers of Liberty—and, what is eſpecially beautiful in the lives of both, were each earneſt Advocates of thoſe great Principles of religious Toleration which have ever ſignally diſtinguiſhed Rhode Iſland.

The ſhadow of that mighty Oak, of which this fragment before me is a memorializing ſpecimen, was upon Hooker and Haynes and the Companions of their Emigration, when firſt they ſet up their Tabernacle in the then Wilderneſs of Hartford. That Rock, of which you have now ſo handſomely beſtowed upon our Battalion a memorializing piece, received, in the then Wilderneſs of Providence, the firſt footfall of the Founder of your State. The two Specimens then, under this view, are beautifully and ſublimely aſſociated.

But the Charter Oak, Sir, is particularly memorable under another view. When, far back in the olden time, New England was ſuffering from a bitter Oppreſſion—when here in your State, the uſurper Andros ſeized your precious Charter, and broke into fragments your Colonial Seal—that Monarch Tree from which the ſection on your table comes—thanks to the heroic Wadſworth—ſaved in our State the ſiſter-Charter to your own. It protected it until the uſurpation was paſt—and its leaves ruſtled with joy, the birds ſang amid its foliage, when a virtual Declaration of Independence, at the Patriotic upriſing of the People in Boſton and the adjacent Towns, put an end to the Tyranny of the Day.

That Declaration, good Sir, was the firſt of its kind that ever broke the ſilence of the New World. It was the noble Precurſor, near two Centuries ago, of another Declaration with which Rhode Iſland is eſpecially aſſociated—and I know not how, *Commiſſary* Rodman, I can now better ſignify to you, on the part of our Major Commandant and his Battalion, our ſenſe of the value of the Gift you have juſt beſtowed, than by returning to you the triumphant Fact in the Hiſtory of your State, that you here of Rhode Iſland were the firſt peo-

ple upon the American Continent to follow up that remarkable Declaration to which I have juſt referred.

Yes, Sir, by an Act of your General Aſſembly, in May, 1776, which is *prior* in date to that of any other of the ſame Character that was paſſed by any other one of the American Colonies, you here, by repealing a former Act which ſecured the allegiance of Rhode Iſland to the King, virtually declared yourſelves free and independent of Britiſh power. You ſtruck out the King's name and Authority from all your Civil, Judicial, and Military Proceſſes and Commiſſions, and ſubſtituting in lieu thereof "the Governor and Company" of ſovereign Rhode Iſland, you ſuſtained this your own Declaration of Independence, and the ſubſequent Declaration by the United Colonies with a Courage that was untiring, and a Fidelity that never ſwerved.

We of Connecticut, Sir, had long prided *ourſelves* on having given to the World the firſt virtual Declaration of Independence in our Land, during the Revolutionary era, in the Inſtructions to our Delegates in Congreſs which were paſſed by our General Aſſembly on the fourteenth of *June*, 1776. That Repealing Act of yours, however, to which I have referred, paſſed your General Aſſembly in *May* of the ſame year. It preceded us—and Sir, by way of hiſtoric return for the valuable gift from your Battalion, the Putnam Phalanx yields from old Connecticut to your State the honor of having been the firſt among the Old Thirteen Colonies to declare herſelf free and independent of royal Sovereignty. We yield the glorious Laurel from this ſource, and *place it on the brow of gallant Rhode Iſland!*

Fifth regular toaſt—

The Old Guard—They unite with us in the warmeſt manifeſtations of Welcome to that noble body of Citizen Soldiery, the Putnam Phalanx.

Muſic—"Road to Boston."

Geo. W. Pettes, Eſq., of Boſton, was introduced by the Toaſt-Maſter and reſponded to the ſentiment in the following effuſion:

I am ſorry that you, Sir, ſhould open on *me* ſo,
For I learned, Years ago, what is *ordered* muſt *be* ſo—
There are many good Reaſons why I ſhould reject
The condition to ſpeak, in the way you expect.

"Unaccuſtomed in public," &c., &c.,
Of courſe, I intended, uncalled for, to go forth,
As like *all* the reſt, I came only to hear,
And promptly decline when required to appear.
Beſides, I've a cold, and can't talk very clearly,
And I fear the crack Speakers who follow me nearly;
And I havn't had Time, and in fine, I muſt ſay, Sir,
That drinking dry Toaſt 's not at all in my way, Sir.
How much better 'twould be then to call up a rocket,
Who has fire in his head, and a match in his pocket;
Or to pick out ſome Member who knows what he's at,
With *no* cold in his head, and no brick in his hat.
Now, though I have laid the ſatirical laſh on
The maſs of apologies moſt in the faſhion,
There remains the grand Reaſon why I ſhould be ſpared
You'll pleaſe to obſerve, Sir, *I came unprepared.*

I believe when he's up, the Apologiſt talks on
With the caſe that a Blondin a ſolid rope walks on,
And *this* ſtyle, as well as the reſt, I muſt follow,
Or you may declare my Pretenſions are hollow.

I'll tell you two ſtories, to Hiſtory known
With ſome trifling *addenda*, but that is my own.

The royal Darius, one ſunſhiny day,
Drew up his Battalions in battle array
And proud of the Sight, told a veteran Greek,
Charidemus by name, of their merit to ſpeak.
And theſe are the words that the Warrior aſſayed—
"This Army ſo vaſt, ſo ſuperbly arrayed,
May boaſt its bright Jewels, may glitter in Gold,
That the worth of habiliment cannot be told.
But it owns not the Diſcipline, Honor, or Worth,
Of the ſimply equipped, but courageous of Earth.
And vain are the gewgaws, and vain is the ſhow
Of thoſe that nor Skill nor Integrity know;
And vain to oppoſe with effeminate zeal
The Phalanx of Macedon, gleaming in ſteel."
At the Court of Darius we cannot appear;
Charidemus is duſt, and no Perſians are here.

And the reign of the brave Macedonian is o'er,
But the words of the Grecian ſhall live evermore.

When Xerxes advanced to Thermopylæ's ſtrait,
The valiant Three Hundred adviſed him to wait;
But he cared not to liſten to aught that they ſaid,
And let twenty thouſand good Perſians be bled.
There fell the Three Hundred, but never to die
While the Sea rolls its waves, or the Stars ſtud the ſky.

Oh! if Colt could have furniſhed Leonidas then
With his patent Revolvers, that handful of Men
Could have built of the Perſian's long arrows and ſpears
A bridge, on approved coſmopolitan piers.

I'll juſt venture to ſay, in a little aſide,
A word of ſome weight, that will tickle your Pride.
We are not informed of the width of the Paſs
That Leonidas kept, but however it was,
Though you cannot ſtand in Leonidas' place,
You may happen to be in a ſimilar caſe;
And in order to ſave all the reſt from miſhap,
You might chuck in an Enſign to fill up the gap.

I would that I had, as your Honor has, ſkill—
I know you're *Ex*-Mayor but we *honor* you ſtill.
To preſent in its moſt meritorious mood
Our truthful regard for the Fair and the Good.

That Collation, "got up" in ſuch exquiſite ſenſe,
With no kind of regard to time, trouble, expenſe,
Was eaten by us, with commendable Grace,
And the ſunlight of Pleaſure illumined each Face.
But the countenance mirrors or falſifies part
Of the genuine impulſe that reigns in the Heart.
For one thing was wanting. It's hard to remind
A Committee, moſt truly, proverbially, kind,
That we needed ſome object, not ready at hand.
Methinks that I hear them of *me*, make demand—
Pray, what would you have, Sir, were not the meats good?
Et cetera, et cetera, of queſtions a flood—

This ſolicitude anxious, I haſte to relieve—
The Garden of Eden was ſad without Eve.

But even as he who receives a rare Prize,
Which for Reaſons judicious was hid from his eyes,
Rejoices the more when permitted to gaze
On what had withdrawn its magnificent Blaze,
So our Joy is complete in the beautiful ſight
Which the Box of *our* theatre offers to-night.

May I ſpeak with more preciſion
To theſe Gentlemen in buff;
Or is it your Deciſion
That I have ſaid enough?
At my lines that were ſatirical
They ſmiled in merry Mood;
And ſome Stanzas that are lyrical
May ſuit a ſoberer mood.

Honor to them who bravely ſtood,
While yet their Realm was young,
And drew the keen, defiant Blade,
Or ſpoke with fearleſs Tongue.

Proud Hiſtory calls her lengthened Roll
Of Patriots and Peers;
And brighter gleams the ſhining Scroll,
As fly the added years.

Rhode Iſland tells with honeſt pride
Of him, her noble Son,
Great in the Council, and the Field,
The friend of Waſhington—
Connecticut preſents her claim
To many a ſacred leaf,
And boaſts the pure and brilliant Fame
Of him her Hero-chief.

A health unto Connecticut
The Land that honors toil—

A welcome to her gallant Sons
Who tread Rhode Iſland's ſoil—
Come Brothers, braid a laurel Wreath
Here, at our feſtive ſcene,
To circle round the deathleſs Names
Of Putnam and of Greene.

The Toaſt-maſter announced that he had received from *Hon.* Wm. W. Hoppin, ex-Gov. of Rhode Iſland, *Hon.* John Pitman, U. S. Diſtrict Judge, John Whipple, Eſq., one of the oldeſt and ableſt members of the Rhode Iſland bar, *Hon.* Wm. R. Staples, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court, E. N. Hazard, Eſq., and many other prominent Gentlemen of Providence, reſponſes of regret at their inability to accept the invitation to be preſent and join in the feſtivities of the Occaſion. A portion of the Letters read are appended:

From Ex-Gov. Hoppin.

Providence, Oct. 10th, 1859.

Gentlemen:—I returned to the City on Saturday afternoon laſt, and this morning find upon my deſk your polite invitation to attend the Levee at Pratt's Hall, given in honor of the Putnam Phalanx. I regret that the non-reception of your note ſhould have prevented my being preſent at the Banquet, and eſpecially ſo, as Mr. Stuart and other Gentlemen of the Phalanx are friends of mine, and whom to have met on ſo pleaſant an Occaſion would have been mutually agreeable.

I congratulate you upon the Succeſs of your Entertainment and all the Ceremonies of the Reception, which were alike diſtinguiſhed by ſuperior Taſte and a large hearted Hoſpitality.

Very truly Yours,
W. W. HOPPIN.

To Wm. W. Brown,
L. C. Warner,
E. C. Davis,
H. Staples,
F. J. Sheldon,
} *Committee.*

From Hon. John Pitman.

Providence, Oct. 6th, 1859.

Gentlemen:—I thank you for your polite invitation to the Levee of the Firſt Light Infantry in honor of the Putnam Phalanx, this evening. It would afford me much pleaſure to attend on this Occaſion, but I have found it neceſſary for my health for ſeveral years, to decline all invitations to Evening Parties, and regret therefore, that I muſt requeſt that you will have me excuſed.

I am very reſpectfully,
Your Obedient Servant,
JOHN PITMAN.

To Wm. W. Brown,
L. C. Warner,
E. C. Davis,
H. Staples,
F. J. Sheldon,
Committee.

From John Whipple, Esq.

Committee of the Firſt Light Infantry, Providence, R. I.

Gentlemen:—I moſt truly regret that temporary ill health will prevent my being preſent at the reception of our Military friends from Connecticut. I regret this the more as Connecticut is one of my beau ideal States, and her People generally approaching a little nearer my Standard of a plain but ſtrong, intellectual and moral People than any that I find in ancient or modern Hiſtory. I ſhould feel proud in doing honor to any portion of the Repreſentatives of ſuch a People, more eſpecially to that portion ready at any moment to fall in the front Ranks, and pour out their blood to its laſt drop in Defence of New England men, New England law, and New England freedom.

I am, Gentlemen, moſt reſpectfully Yours,
JOHN WHIPPLE.

Providence, 5th October, 1859.

From Hon. W. R. Staples.

Providence, Oct. 6th, 1859.

Gentlemen:—It would afford me great pleaſure to attend the Levee of the Firſt Light Infantry this evening, if I were burdened with fewer Years, or bleſſed with better Health. As it is, pleaſe ex-

cuſe my abſence and accept my beſt wiſhes that the Infantry may on this and all other Occaſions meet with the Succeſs they richly merit.

With many thanks for your polite invitation,

I am, Gentlemen, your Corp'l,

W. R. STAPLES.

Col. W. W. Brown and others,
Commander F. L. Infantry.

From E. N. Hazard, Esq.

Providence, Oct. 6th, 1859.

Gentlemen:—Owing to my abſence, your note of 3d did not reach me till this morning. Nothing would have given me greater Pleaſure than to have been preſent at your moſt patriotic and joyous Feſtival.

From all that I read and hear of the Occaſion, it was well worthy the time-honored and juſtly merited Reputation of the Firſt Light Infantry. The Corps, in thus adding another bond of ſtrength to the faſt growing friendſhip between the two beautiful Cities of New England, have gained much high praiſe. The Corps, in this diſtinguiſhed act of State Courteſy and generous Hoſpitality, deſerve well, not only of Providence and Rhode Iſland, but of all New England. It has done more to cement the Ties of Brotherhood and good feeling between Connecticut and Rhode Iſland than any other one thing in the laſt quarter of a Century. This ſpirit of cordial, friendly Intercourſe ſhould be nurtured and cheriſhed. The time may come when it will be needed in action as it was in '76.

Pleaſe accept for yourſelf and your aſſociates my moſt reſpectful regards.

Your Obedient Servant,

E. N. HAZARD.

To *Col.* Wm. W. Brown,
and others of the Committee.

To the ſentiment "*The Clergy*," the *Rev.* Aſher Moore, Chaplain to the Putnam Phalanx, reſponded as follows:

Mr. Commandant:—I ſtand here in a poſition which properly belongs to another. The voice of your own Chaplain ſhould have been heard, in reſponſe to the toaſt juſt given, before the utterance of a word by your preſent Speaker. But I ſtill cheerfully obey the call

that has been made upon me. I ſuppoſe that the Programme of the Occaſion would be deemed incomplete, without the ſound of the Chaplain's voice, and an exhibition of his venerable perſon.

You now ſee before you the firſt Chaplain of the Putnam Phalanx in full coſtume, with the exception of his Chapeau. If my Grandchildren (and I have one,) cannot look back with pride and trace their Anceſtry to the illuſtrious Hero whoſe name we bear, they can at leaſt glory in the fact that their Grandfather was the firſt Chaplain of the Putnam Phalanx.

My venerable perſon is ſacredly guarded and protected by the valiant Man who is always at my left hand, that I ſhould not be moved. He is not permitted to draw his ſword for warlike purpoſes except in defence of the Chaplain. And he is therefore quick to perceive the approach of danger in this particular direction. Why, Sir, if any rude Aſſailant ſhould come towards me with threatening Aſpect, expoſing my venerable perſon to the ſmalleſt danger, my redoubtable left hand Man would inſtantly unſheath his ſword, and wield it with tremendous Valor, and ſome—*noiſe*.

Sir, it was my fortune to be born and reared under the ſhadow of Independence Hall. I early caught the Spirit of Freedom and a deep love for my Country. And to this day I have regarded Patriotiſm as one of the nobleſt virtues of an American Citizen. I do not belong to that claſs of the Clergy who ſtand in the High Places of the Church, and "make it their earneſt work and daily toil" to abuſe our Country, and to revile the Government by which we are all protected in our perſons, in our liberties, and in our purſuits of happineſs! With ſuch "*Reformers*" I hold no fellowſhip. And I am happy whenever a fitting occaſion offers to "lift up a Standard againſt them," and to repudiate their "*reforms*."

Let our People, and eſpecially our Children and Youth, be taught to appreciate our National bleſſings. Let the Pulpit, as in the olden time, be numbered among the ſure Defences of our beloved Country. Let Religion and Patriotiſm be one and inſeparable. Let the ſeveral members of this great Confederacy ever conſtitute The *United* States of America. And may God, the high and mighty Ruler of Heaven and Earth, ever bleſs "this land of the Free and home of the Brave."

In concluſion he offered the following ſentiment:

The City of Providence—Though preſided over by Knight, may it glow even in the light of the noontide Sun of Proſperity and Peace.

The Chaplain having, as will be noted, pointedly alluded to the Surgeon of the Phalanx and his valiant Sword and noiſy defence of his (the Chaplain's) perſon—and the Toaſt-maſter, too, having called for ſomething on the minor key, Dr. Miner promptly responded:

"Every word," he commenced by ſaying, "of this excellent Chaplain is replete with Eloquence and Erudition. At Bunker Hill his words were as cogent as thoſe of Cicero. To-night he has exhibited a little of that keen Satire which Lawyers ſometimes uſe, and that can only be diſcovered by the twinkle of the left eye—all of which was evidently deſigned to bring Surgeon Miner to his feet and the Platform. All who know me are aware that I am not a Speech-maker. The ſphere of my activities has ever been devoted to other and different objects. I am the only Member of the Putnam Phalanx who has had the honor of being connected with your Univerſity—having been graduated in the Medical Department in 1824. I am quite familiar with your claſſic Halls and claſſic *Hills*, and all the beauties of Nature and Art that ſurround you. With regard to my military Hiſtory, I refer you to the Bureau of Penſions, at Waſhington, where you will find my name amongſt thoſe who have received penſions in Bounty Lands for volunteer ſervices to our Country in the War of 1812.

I have had the ſpecial charge of the Putnam Phalanx for the paſt ſix months as the "Medicine-man of the Tribe." In our good old-faſhioned plain way of living, I have had no difficulty in preſerving their Health—as you ſee; and the Corps have always, to a man, been ready for Duty, until we arrived in Boſton. There, owing to that extravagant and bountiful courſe of living, to which the plain Yeomanry of Connecticut were unaccuſtomed, three of our Corps were proſtrated. Three times, therefore, was the Surgeon called from his retirement to preſcribe *ſecundem artem* for the ſick liſt. Believing, as I always have, that the beſt Mode for quelling any Inſurrection or Invaſion, whether by diſeaſe or otherwiſe, is, firſt to fire Bullets and afterwards Blank-cartridges, I always adopt this courſe; and if I do not diſlodge the Enemy on the ſecond charge I am no longer the Surgeon of the Putnam Phalanx.

We have been told in Boſton, "how ſweet it is to die for one's

Country." In this matter I have had no experience; but I know how glorious it is to *live* for one's Country, eſpecially when we live as we are living now.

I am happy now to preſent to you every Member of this Organization in good Health and fit for Duty — ready to do Battle at any and all times whenever our Country ſhall require our ſervices; and I aſſure you that at the end of the Battle, every Man of the Phalanx will be found at his Poſt, either among the Dead or the Living.

Dr. McKnight, of Providence, alſo reſponded for the Doctors, in the following words:

Remarks of Dr. McKnight.

Col. Brown, and Gentlemen of the Putnam Phalanx:— There will be no doubt in any of your minds, after I have done ſpeaking, that I tell you the truth when I ſay I am entirely unprepared to make a ſpeech on an Occaſion like this. The fact is, I feel now as did the Iriſhman under ſimilar circumſtances, and like him, I would be willing to hold anybody's hat who would ſpeak for me. Another reaſon may be given for a poor Speech at this time of night, and that is, that all the beſt Thunder has been uſed up. Why *Colonel*, I can juſt call the names right out of Gentlemen preſent who ſaid juſt exactly what I might, could or would have ſaid, had I been fortunate enough to have preceded them.

And why it is that we poor Doctors are always, on Occaſions like this, called upon laſt, is more than I can tell. One conſolation we have at any rate, that there *has been* a time in all your lives, when the Doctor was the firſt man to be called for, and when, for the time being, he became "Sir Oracle."

Although the beſt Thunder has been effectually uſed up, it is not too late for me to offer in the name of the Firſt Light Infantry, the right Hand of Fellowſhip to our Friends from Connecticut, and bid you a Soldier's hearty welcome to our feſtive board.

Our Southern Friends have often ſneeringly alluded to yours, as the Nutmeg State; if ſo, then all the States ſouth of Maſon's and Dixon's line, combined, would not be cute enough to make a grater.

This is not the place, nor am I the man, to review her Hiſtory;— abler hands than mine have given us, in pictures of living light, memories of her Stateſmen, Warriors, Orators and Poets, which time will

only ſerve to make brighter; let me, in paſſing, ſpeak of another claſs whoſe memories alſo ſhall endure while Time ſhall be meaſured by the Dial-plate and pendulum. I mean her world-renowned Mechanics.

Among them all, none have a more world-wide fame than a member of your own Company, and it may not be improper in this place, to name one who has ſettled more diſputes, in Love and War, by the weight of his arguments, than any other living man; for who, with a proſpect of a bullet in from Colt, would wait for his kicks, before—like Captain Scott's coon, he came down. And if "Brevity is the ſoul of wit," then too, he is a witty man; for his reports, though ſometimes repeated, are never long, and his preſcriptions ſimple and efficacious as our friend Surgeon Miner's, only a ſmall powder and a little pill, and like the Surgeon's, ſure to kill twice out of three times.

I don't think I ever regretted being born where I was, until our late viſit to Norwich, and then I came to the concluſion that a man might juſt as well not have been born at all, as to have been born outſide of Connecticut. And why? In the firſt place there was Governor B., (probably a deſcendant of the gentleman who was made a head ſhorter by Richard 3d,) who was born there, and was very glad of it; then our good Governor Turner, (may his ſhadow never be leſs) had an Aunt born there, (the Governor ſays to-night twins, and I cheerfully make this correction for the benefit of poſterity, in caſe they ſhould ever want to *re*-Turner,) and he was glad of it; and finally our worthy Mayor went all the way from Rhode Iſland to Connecticut on purpoſe to be born there, and as that was the firſt great thing he had done he was more pleaſed than both Governors put together, though I don't ſee that it amounted to much, for it was Knight after all, and couldn't have made much difference. So after hearing all theſe things, and ſeeing how much people made by being born in Connecticut, and how big ſome of them grow, (*vide* the Enſign of the Phalanx,) and how tall ſome of them are, (*vide* the Major of ditto,) and what an everlaſting clever ſet of Fellows they all are, and how pleaſed they all are that they were born in Connecticut, I made up my mind that if I ever was born again, it ſhould be in Connecticut, and ſomewhere in the neighborhood of Norwich or Hartford.

And now, Gentlemen, as there are lots of thunder left to be diſcharged, I beg leave to cloſe with the following ſentiment:

Col. Colt—The Author of a new and convincing ſtyle of Epiſtol-ary Correſpondence.

Geo. H. Clark, Eſq., of Hartford, (who was with the Phalanx at Boſton, but was obliged to return home without accompanying them to Providence,) ſent the following poetical Toaſt for this Occaſion:

Fill up to the Name of our own noble Hero—
The man who delighted in Danger to revel;
Who hated old Gage as the Romans did Nero,
And feared neither Tyrant, nor ſhe-wolf, nor devil,
To Him who leapt chaſms that paled old Campaigners;
Whoſe Sword, like the Lightning, flaſhed Death and Diſmay;
Whoſe Skill and Example turned holiday Trainers
To the reſolute Soldiers of Bunker Hill's day.
Fill, fill to the Name of the Soldier ſublime,
Whoſe Fame only brightens and broadens by Time!

To the ſentiment "*The Rhode Iſland Bar*," Benj. F. Thurſton, Eſq., of Providence, made an able reſponſe, and cloſed with the following toaſt:

The Bonds of the Cities of Providence and Hartford—The *Principal*, the interchange of kindly courteſies; the principal to be paid only at the expiration of Eternity: the guaranty of that interchange of kindly and generous ſentiment, by that beſt Guerdon of Good Faith, fair and open rivalry.

A Gueſt offered this ſentiment:

The Senate of the State of Rhode Iſland.

Hon. Samuel Currey, a State Senator of Rhode Iſland, was called upon by the Toaſt-maſter, and reſponded as follows:

Remarks of Hon. Samuel Currey.

Mr. Col. Commander:—I am ſorry, amidſt the general joy of this Occaſion, to raiſe any voice of complaint, but I feel that I muſt enter my proteſt againſt the Conqueſt that has been made of me this evening. When a few hours ſince, theſe buff-booted Strangers entered here unarmed and took their ſeats beſide us, I could not have imagined I was ſo ſoon to be made their Captive. I had before known ſomething of the force of Eloquence, but I had not known what danger

there may be in the voice of a *Judge Advocate* and an *Aſſiſtant Commiſſary*. Truly there muſt be ſome wizard enchantment thrown over us, ſome magic ſpell, perhaps, floating in the atmoſphere that we breathe in this Hall. I own myſelf quite overcome by the faſcinations of the brilliant Oratory, the graceful Compliments to our State and her Inſtitutions, and the yet more graceful Sentiments with which we have been entertained by your Gueſts. Still, Sir, if I can, for a little time, diſpel the charm of theſe magic arts, it will give me the greateſt pleaſure, both on my own account and in behalf of our State Senate for which I am to ſpeak, to unite my voice with the general Welcome which we give to the Putnam Phalanx. We are all pleaſed to make their acquaintance in this their martial attire, and to admire in them that Public Spirit and patience of diſcipline which have drawn together and formed ſo fine a body of Citizen Soldiers.

I have often, Sir, ſince our two Cities of Hartford and Providence have been brought near to each other by the iron horſe, looked forward to many reunions of their people, but I had not anticipated the gratification of a viſit from a Military Company embodying ſo much of the intelligence, character and ſocial worth of our neighboring City. I may certainly in all ſobriety ſay that this Martial Body of men, compoſed of the venerable in character and years—the Fathers of their City—the proper Repreſentatives of all the Arts, Buſineſs and Walks of life—is a beautiful object of admiration as well as a moſt inſtructive ſubject of reflection. I am ſure that all our People take pleaſure in doing honor to ſuch Gueſts. I am ſure that the Chief Magiſtrates of our City and State, whom we ſee here this evening, truly repreſent the feelings of all the Citizens in the cordial greetings which they have given to our Friends from Hartford; and if our Legiſlature had happened to be in ſeſſion here at this time, you would have ſeen the Repreſentatives of the whole People paying reſpect to that conſervative love of Order which has formed, and the Patriotic Spirit which animates the Putnam Phalanx.

The People of Rhode Iſland and their Government have had experience of the neceſſity, at times, of an arm of power to give ſtrength to the voice of the Law. I remember going once as a meſſenger, in a criſis of our domeſtic Hiſtory, to our late *Governor* King, to inform him of an organized reſiſtance to the Civil Authorities. We had not at that time the admirable organization of Military Companies which is now ſo much the object of our juſt pride as well as ground of reli-

able ſecurity; and I ſhall never forget how that man of iron nerve and will, in view of the imminency and magnitude of the danger and the powerleſſneſs of the Civil Magiſtrate, wrung his hands as he exclaimed—"I *wiſh we had a little more force.*" Now it is for the purpoſe of providing for the State againſt the time in which her dark hour of danger may come, this "little more force," that theſe thoughtful men of Connecticut have organized themſelves under the Law as Citizen Soldiers. Their martial Array and Diſcipline are not alone for Summer-day ſhow and Parade. Theſe pleaſing diſplays have a ſober meaning and uſeful ſignificance. They teach us that when the hour of peril comes theſe men will be prepared to go forth and meet it, whether it be from a Domeſtic or Foreign Enemy, and that they will meet the Enemy, not as mercenary Soldiers, but as brave men having an intereſt of their own in the conflict.

But I am admoniſhed, Mr. Commander, by this midnight hour not to try your patience with a Speech, and there is the leſs occaſion for my doing it after ſo many eloquent addreſſes from the gentlemen who have preceded me. I will therefore only further ſay that we ſhall all long remember this Occaſion, and long aſſociate in our minds many pleaſing recollections of an evening with the Putnam Phalanx.

Let me offer the following ſentiment:

The Putnam Phalanx—Old Fogies, rivalling in the preciſion and activity of their martial exerciſes the elaſticity and vigor of Young America.

The following volunteer ſentiment—

Woman—The true Inſpirer of true Patriotiſm—

Was reſponded to by H. L. Miller, formerly *Major* of the 1ſt Company Governor's Foot Guard of Connecticut, as follows:

Remarks by Col. H. L. Miller.

Mr. Chairman:—Sergeant Sill has been ſummoned to reſpond to the Toaſt juſt read. In his abſence my name has been called. It is ſaid that Sergeant Sill is with the Ladies. Happy man—I wiſh I was with them myſelf. Or rather, I wiſh they were with me. Or, better ſtill, I wiſh they were with *us*, here at theſe tables, inſtead of being ſeparated and ſhut up in yonder Gallery.

It has truly gladdened our Hearts to enjoy their preſence. We have been charmed with the beautiful ſight; but, oh, how delightful, if your arrangements had permitted their mingling with us, at this Feſtive Board.

I cannot attempt a reſponſe to the ſentiment juſt offered, at this late hour. Indeed it is preſumption in me, after the ſoul-ſtirring ſtrains of Eloquence poured forth in ſuch rich profuſion here to-night, to even permit the ſound of my voice to be heard.

The Putnam Phalanx, it is ſaid, is a peculiar Organization, and this Excurſion is for peculiar enjoyment. We *are* organized as a peculiar Battalion of Infantry, of Heavy Infantry, if you pleaſe ſo to deſignate us, and I may ſay, without vanity, that we bring with us ſome heavy Ordnance. This peculiarity I know you will admit. You have heard the roar of our Artillery. You have heard the booming of our big Guns. And now, forſooth, you would hear from the Muſketry. Well, I may ſay for myſelf, and for others, that we muſt all anſwer to our names when called. We never turn our backs on Friend or Foe. The Auſtrian Soldiers, after a recent Battle, when carried to the Hoſpitals, were turned upon their faces, to have their wounds dreſſed. We can take no ſuch poſition. We never allow a fire in the rear. Our kind hearted, ſympathizing Surgeon, has given timely notice, that he will dreſs no ſuch inglorious wounds. The "glorious Scar upon the Brow," would be his only Trophy, as well as our own. We cannot run. We muſt ſtand in our lot. We muſt do or die.

Mr. Chairman, you are overwhelming us with Kindneſs. Your Hoſpitality is unbounded. We know this is prompted by your true and friendly impulſes, but perhaps you have had an eye to your own ſafety, and that of your City, in this frank and generous Reception. We certainly came here, to renew, and to ſtrengthen, and to cultivate Friendſhips, and to draw cloſer the Bond of Brotherhood between our reſpective Cities.

But we came here conſcious of our ſtrength. We can take Cities, ſubdue Kingdoms, and perform prodigies of valor generally. It was propoſed, while we were on Bunker Hill, that we ſhould take back with us to Hartford, every granite Block of which that Monument is compoſed, and again erect it on Wyllys's Hill, in place of the noble old Charter Oak that has recently paſſed away. We could have done it; not a Man of us doubted our ability. You, Sir, and others, who

now ſit around theſe Tables, as you look upon the empty diſhes, will admit that ſince we came into this Hall, we have appropriated to ourſelves a Bunker Hill monument of food. You thus have ſome evidence of our Capacity, but you can hardly imagine what evils might have befallen your beautiful and proſperous City, if we had come down upon you in hoſtile array.

You have, however, diſarmed us. You have given us a view of your inner Life, and we are enchanted. You have made us your Friends forever. We embrace you as Brethren. We ſhall always retain a pleaſant Remembrance of your Courteſy and Kindneſs. We ſhall treaſure in our Hearts the recollection of this viſit to Providence, and, on our return Home, ſhall wait with impatience for an opportunity to give evidence of our Gratitude, when, as Soldiers, or Citizens, you may hereafter viſit our City of Hartford.

A ſentiment complimentary to the Artillery of the Marines and the Marine Artillery, which thundered a welcome to the Putnam Phalanx, called up *Lt. Col.* Tompkins, who made a brief and moſt happy reſponſe, concluding with the ſentiment—

The True Soldier—Like Iſrael Putnam—ever ready to do—to dare—to die.

The following ſentiment, offered by *Commiſſary* Rodman, was drank in ſilence, ſtanding:

The Memory of Barber and Childs—The Infantry mourns the loſs of theſe moſt popular and efficient Members.

Capt. A. M. Gordon, of the Second Company of the Putnam Phalanx, in alluſion to the uniform of the Firſt Light Infantry, offered the following:

The Firſt Light Infantry—We know they are Soldiers—they ought to be Scholars—for they are deeply red and ſlightly blue.

Shortly after twelve o'clock, the aſſembled Company roſe from the tables, and the Phalanx were eſcorted to

their Quarters at the Earl Houſe, by their Hoſts of the evening.

The Members of the Phalanx take this opportunity to place on permanent Record their unqualified approbation and cordial appreciation of the admirable and effective manner in which all the arrangements for this feſtive Occaſion were conceived and carried out. Nothing ſeemed wanting. The Entertainment itſelf was more than elegant. Our Hoſts, the Firſt Light Infantry, may well claim to be "an Hoſt in themſelves." Our warmeſt thanks are due to that Galaxy of Ladies who graced the ſcene with their fair preſence; to the diſtinguiſhed Gueſts who reſponded to the invitation and were preſent to add their words of Welcome and Congratulation; to the American Braſs Band, whoſe moſt excellent Muſic added ſo much to the enjoyment of the evening; and to all, whoſe efforts were devoted to rendering this the fineſt Feſtival of the ſort that ever occurred in Providence. The memories of this Evening are among the choiceſt connected with the entire Excurſion.

At half-paſt eight o'clock on Friday morning the Phalanx, eſcorted by the Infantry, left their Quarters and marched to Brown Univerſity, which they had been invited to viſit by the Authorities of that Inſtitution. Upon entering Rhode Iſland Hall, they were received by the Preſident and Faculty of the Univerſity. Preſident Sears, in a moſt felicitous manner, gave them a cordial Welcome to the Academic Halls. He aſſured them that they were not ſtrangers here. "Many of your number," ſaid he, "are known to us as public Men, who have been juſtly honored by being called to important official ſtations in your own city and State. And we, as

a Literary Inſtitution, have not been ſlow to obſerve that you have eloquent Orators and elegant Scholars among the Officers and Members of your Company, exemplifying moſt appropriately and beautifully the value of that Culture which we aim to reach in our humble labors here. We welcome you as the friends of Learning and the ornaments of Society, who have contributed much to the high reputation of your honored City." Judging from the uniform which the Phalanx ſo gracefully wore, he thought it would not be unpleaſant to them to learn that the Soldiers of the Revolution uſed their oldeſt College Edifice for a barrack and hoſpital. In the name of the Old College, therefore, he would greet them as Brethren of the Revolution of '76.

To this cordial Welcome of Preſident Sears, *Judge Advocate* Stuart reſponded as follows:

Preſident Sears:—For the truly cordial and complimentary remarks with which you welcome the Putnam Phalanx to theſe Academic Shades and to this beautiful and ſuggeſtive Hall, its Members deſire, through me, to return you their warmeſt thanks.

It is true, Sir, as you remark, that we come here clad in the panoply of the Revolutionary Days. Our Battalion has been formed from the ſtirring incentive of thoſe Days, and for a high and patriotic End. We deſire through our peculiar Dreſs, and Diſcipline, and Muſical Corps, to revive and ſtrengthen thoſe thoughts and aſſociations which cluſter around the great Paſt of our Liberty. We would fain ſtimulate the Love of Country. By a contemplation of the toil, and treasure, and blood, which founded our maſſive Republican Inſtitutions, we would aid in endearing them to the Affection and Reverence of all, and in awakening in all the ambition to emulate the noble Virtues of thoſe venerable Patriots, thoſe great and good Men, whoſe Souls conceived, and whoſe ſtalwart hands worked out the giant problem of American Independence.

For the purpoſe of kindling anew in our own boſoms the fires of Patriotiſm, we have ourſelves juſt been on a pilgrimage to Boſton and

Bunker Hill — to the Shrines of thoſe illuſtrious Men, and gallant Soldiers, who there led the van of the American Revolution. And worthy Preſident, a military Battalion though we are, there is nothing incongruous in our ſtanding here in theſe Halls of Literature and Science. For, in a Republic like our own, founded on intelligence, the connection between the profeſſion of Arms and Knowledge is, or always ought to be, intimate and profound. It was an educated Soldiery, Sir, that fought and won our great battles for Independence. The Men who achieved our Victories upon theſe fields were men who *knew*, knew thoroughly their Rights, and who knowing, dared maintain them. They had enjoyed a long experience of Civilization. They underſtood its bleſſings — and in the light of the liberty for which they contended, and which their Valor won, determined to lay broader and deeper than ever before — in Inſtitutions eſpecially of Education — in Literature, in Science, in Art, in Good Morals and Religion — the true foundation-ſtones of American Proſperity and Glory.

And among our American Inſtitutions of learning, Mr. Preſident, this venerable one over which you ſo ably preſide, has long, our Phalanx is happy to remark, held a conſpicuous place — and, Sir, as regards education generally, the State of Rhode Iſland ſtands deſervedly high. From the epoch of your firſt Schoolmaſter here in Providence — the venerable John Turpin — down to the days of your munificent educational Benefactors, the Almys and the Browns, and the eſtabliſhment of this your Univerſity, and of your admirable ſyſtem of Public Schools — on, down to the preſent moment — Education has been with you a pride and a ſucceſs.

Your People were among the very earlieſt in the Country to erect, at your Olneyville, a large and complete Paper-mill. Far back as 1762, you eſtabliſhed one of the very firſt Newſpapers in the Country — *The Providence Gazette* — that ſtout organ of Whig principles, and patriotic reſolves, during the ever-memorable era of the Stamp Act, and the ſtill more memorable era of the American Revolution. Your Newspapers and Periodicals, many in number, and many of high merit — and grave works in moral and political Science, like thoſe of your profound and venerated Wayland, and in Hiſtory, like that admirable one of your State by Arnold — have marked the intellectual appetite of your People ever ſince. All America has ſtudied the Weather, and learned Meteorology, from the earlieſt among its Almanac-makers,

your own venerable Isaac Bickerstaff. All America, yes, and Europe too, pays homage to the illustrious Painter of Washington, your renowned Gilbert Stuart—fitting compeer that he was, in his beautiful art, for our own immortal Painter of Connecticut—Colonel John Trumbull. And the World will ever know by heart, among the loftiest Heroes of American History, that Officer of the Revolution from your State, accomplished in mind as well as in arms—who wielded the Pen almost as skillfully as he did the Sword—Brigadier General Greene.

Sir, your University has sent forth numberless Sons, who, both at home and abroad, in various portions of our common Country, adorning their educational birth, have rendered conspicuous services in the defence of their Country, and in the cultivation of Literature and Science, and Art. The Putnam Phalanx, let me assure you, rejoices in this fact—and trusts that these Classic Halls will ever continue to furnish, for the pride of your own immediate Community, and for the just boast of your State, thousands more of educated Sons, ready and anxious to do you honor, and to bear away from among the many noble teachings of their *Alma Mater*, as the Inspiration through life of their Patriotism, the proud, undying precept of the old Roman—"*Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori!*"

In reply, *Dr.* Sears said that the College could offer but little for their entertainment. Her chief ornament—the many Sons who had gone out from her walls and done her credit in the World—she could not now exhibit. He therefore begged the Commandant to accept a triennial Catalogue and a brief History of the College, and invited the Phalanx to visit the Library and the Grounds.

The Battalion then repaired to the Library where they were courteously received by Reuben A. Guild, the accomplished Librarian of the Institution. A brief period passed here, when the reveille announced the departure of the Corps to the fine lawn east of the College, where a promenade and interchange of courtesies ensued. The College Grounds were crowded with Spectators, and the

Bands meanwhile furniſhed moſt excellent muſic. The Day itſelf was moſt delightful, deliciouſly cool, and bright under the October ſun.

The line was formed at half paſt ten o'clock, and proceeded to the reſidence of *Mayor* Knight, on High ſtreet. The Manſion was thronged with viſitors, among whom were many members of the City Council and of the State Government, the *Hon.* James F. Simmons, *Hon.* C. C. Van Zandt, *Captain* J. J. Comstock, many of the general Officers of the Militia of the State, the Officers of the Staff of the Marine Artillery, the Officers of the Staff of the Mechanic Rifles, and the Officers of the Staff of the Pawtucket Light Guard, and many other Gentlemen of Military and Civic diſtinction. A bounteous and elegant collation was ſpread in the rear of the Mayor's houſe, and as ſoon as the invited Gueſts had found ſtanding room, his Honor addreſſed *Major* Goodwin of the Phalanx in a welcome ſpeech, aſſuring him and his Command of the pleasure and gratification which their viſit to Providence had afforded its Citizens, and closing by tendering to the Phalanx the hospitalities due to the occaſion and its aſſociations.

At the requeſt of the Major Commandant, *Aſſiſtant Commiſſary* Deming reſponded to this brief Welcome:

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen:—We are met at every ſtep, in this good City of Providence, with ſuch profuſe manifeſtations of good will and Hoſpitality, that words are hourly growing more and more impotent, to expreſs the ſentiments of Gratitude and Obligation with which we are overwhelmed. From the moment of our Arrival, to this, the hour of our Departure, it has been a continuous Ovation, and the increaſing ſchedule of our debtors is becoming burdenſome, not only to our ſenſibilities—grateful and reſponſive,—but even to the memory. And I have been inſtructed by our Major Commandant,

to improve this opportunity, while the pleaſing Spell is freſh upon us, to offer up the largeſt Thank-offering of the Putnam Phalanx to the military Companies, public Bodies and Individuals who have participated in this Reception; to the Marine Artillery for the ſalvo which firſt welcomed us to your borders; to our eſpecial Hoſts the Light Infantry and Old Guard for their unremitting contribution to our honor and enjoyment, and, particularly, for the magnificent Banquet which fittingly crowned the elegant courteſies of yeſterday; to your diſtinguiſhed Men and daily Journals for their ample commendation of our Corps, our City, and our Commonwealth; to Preſident Sears for his invitation to your ancient Seat of Learning, and for the appropriate and cordial Speech which relieved, at once, the diffidence of Soldiers in that choſen Abode of Scholars; to your Citizens generally for their unſtinted approbation of our Organization, evinced in private acts and expreſſions of kindneſs, as well as in the loud and continuous plaudits, which have attended our March; to yourſelf, Mr. Mayor, for adding to the eclat of the Excurſion by your own appearance, as Soldier, in the ranks of our noble Eſcort, and for throwing open your doors for our entertainment as Chief Executive of this beautiful City. Moreover, as true and faithful Knights, we vow admiration and loyalty to the charming Ladies of Providence who have loaded us with garlands and bewitched us with their graceful and enthuſiaſtic Welcome.

We long to evince our thankfulneſs by ſomething more ſignificant than words; we covet the Opportunity of reciprocating theſe laviſh Civilities, and if thoſe to whom we are indebted ſhall ever viſit Hartford, we will grant them the freedom of our Homes and Hearts and decorate them with every inſignia of honor in the power of this Bat talion to confer.

Various ſentiments and brief ſpeeches followed, and an hour or more was paſſed moſt agreeably at the tables. The adjoining reſidence of *Aſſiſtant Commiſſary* Davis was also open, and the Gueſts of the Mayor availed themselves of this opportunity to pay their reſpects to Mr. Davis, and were received with elegant Hoſpitality.

It was expected that the Phalanx would leave Provi-

dence at half-paſt two o'clock, but intelligence having been received of the intended public Reception of the Battalion on their arrival Home, it was arranged that a ſpecial Train ſhould leave Providence at one o'clock in order to arrive before dark at Hartford. This fact having been announced, the viſit to *Mayor* Knight was neceſſarily ſhortened, and at a little paſt twelve, both Companies formed in front of his reſidence and the line of march was taken up for the Depot, his Honor being saluted as the ſignal of departure with ſix hearty cheers from the Phalanx.

At the Depot an immenſe number of People had aſſembled, and while waiting a short time for the Train, a profuſion of ſplendid boquets was fairly ſhowered upon the Battalion. They were the gift of Ladies who came in perſon, with *ex-Mayor* Rodman and many friends, to preſent them to the Phalanx. The Train moved on amid loud huzzas, and the Corps left the City fully impreſſed with the now familiar fact, that Providence is one of the moſt hoſpitable Cities in New England.

The following are ſelected from the many flattering notices which were publiſhed, during the brief viſit of the Phalanx at Providence:

[From the Providence Journal.]

The Putnam Phalanx have made the moſt favorable impreſſion upon our People. Their peculiar Uniform, carrying us back to the days of the Revolution and aſſociating them with the moſt patriotic Era of our Hiſtory, their ſtirring Muſic of drums and fifes, their ſtalwart forms and manly bearing, the venerable locks of their Commander, the portly figure of their Standard bearer, all called forth continual admiration as they marched through the ſtreets lined with Spectators. We do not remember any Military Diſplay that has given more ſatiſaction in our City.

[From the Prov. Cor. of the Boſton Journal.]

No body of Military ever received at the hands of the Militia of Rhode Iſland ſuch ſumptuous entertainment, and ſuch profuſe outpouring of Welcome, as has been accorded to the Putnam Phalanx of Hartford during the ſhort viſit of the Corps to this City. Everything that a liberal hand could adminiſter has been beſtowed upon the gallant Company with the characteriſtic generoſity of Rhode Iſland Soldiers. The bounteous Hoſpitality of Boſton has been repeated here, and every feature of the Occaſion has been carried forward with eminent Succeſs.

On arriving at the Mooſup Station, an incident occurred which in its touching ſimplicity was the moſt affecting of all that happened during the entire Excurſion. Mary Putnam Holbrook, daughter of J. Holbrook, Eſq., of Brooklyn, and great-great-grand-daughter of *Gen.* Iſrael Putnam—an exceedingly pretty and intereſting child of fourteen years, was in waiting with a beautiful Wreath with which ſhe deſired to crown the Commander of the Phalanx bearing the name of her honored Anceſtor. Upon learning the circumſtance, the Major Commandant with his Staff and many of the Rank and File aſſembled upon the platform of the Depot, when the young Lady placed the Wreath upon the neck of the Major Commandant and ſaluted him with a cordial kiſs. The accompanying Note, at the requeſt of the Major Commandant was read by *Judge Advocate* Stuart to the Phalanx:

"Pleaſe accept this wreath from a Deſcendant of Gen. Putnam. Some of the flowers are freſh from his grave in Brooklyn, eight miles diſtant.

"Mary Putnam Holbrook, of Brooklyn, Ct."

Mr. Stuart then ſaid:—I am commiſſioned by the Major Commandant of the Putnam Phalanx to return you, my dear Child, his heart-felt Thanks for this manifeſtation of your intereſt in the Battal-

ion which he commands. Some of your Flowers, ſays the note, "are freſh from the Grave" of Gen. Putnam. Thought touching indeed to the Hearts of us all! This Phalanx has been, Mary, upon a long and delightful Excurſion. It has received many and bountiful expreſſions of the public Regard. Wreaths after Wreaths have been ſhowered upon the brows of its Officers and Soldiers; but no one of them, let me aſſure you, has been received with emotions ſo deep as this one with which you have now crowned our veteran Commander.

It comes with peculiar propriety from you, Child—for in your veins flows the blood of that Hero whoſe great name this Phalanx bears, and whoſe memory, as one of the moſt patriotic and gallant Leaders of the American Revolution, it is our purpoſe to ſtrengthen and perpetuate. He was a Man who ventured everything for his Country. He gave to it, without ſtint, his blood and his treaſure, and we deſire that all ſhould love and honor your illuſtrious Anceſtor, ſweet Child, as you do.

Again, for our Major Commandant, and for all the Officers and Soldiers of his command, I thank you for this warm-hearted Teſtimonial of your regard for our happineſs and ſucceſs in the efforts we make to ſtimulate the noble Love of Country, and to awaken admiration for the heroic Men who achieved that Revolution which made our Land, in the grandeſt ſenſe of the familiar, but ever endeared and endearing words, emphatically "the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave." *You* certainly ſhow that you feel the force of thoſe ſublime Strains which conſtitute the Inſpiration of the impoſing Battalion now before you:

"Our native Country, thee—
Land of the noble Free—
  Thy Name we love.
We love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
Land where our Fathers died—
Land of the Pilgrim's pride—
From every mountain ſide
  Let Freedom ring!"

And now, in the name and behalf of the Putnam Phalanx, ſweet Benefactreſs, for the ſalutation which you ſo handſomely beſtowed on our veteran Commander, I return you a parting, cordial kiſs. Good bye—God bleſs you!

In reſponſe to this eloquent Addreſs, Mr. Holbrook, father of Miſs Mary, ſaid:

It is hardly neceſſary, *Major* Goodwin, for me, the Father of this little Girl, to apologize for her inability to reſpond in an appropriate Manner to the feeling and truly beautiful remarks of the Hon. Judge Advocate in behalf of the Battalion. The detention of the Train and the alighting of the Phalanx has taken us entirely by ſurpriſe, and we all feel highly honored. As the Train is already "behind time," I will only ſay that I deeply regret that the Phalanx has no "Daughter of the Regiment" that I might reciprocate the hearty kiſs beſtowed by your noble and eloquent Judge Advocate. It is hardly poſſible, however, Sir, knowing what I do of the refined taſtes of the individual Members of the Phalanx, to induce me to believe that under any ordinary circumſtances, they would be ſatisfied with this novel proceſs of kiſſing by proxy. I thank you for your kind Acceptance of my daughter's Tribute to your Battalion, and in her behalf, my own, and of many preſent, expreſs the warmeſt wiſhes for the Succeſs and Proſperity of the Putnam Phalanx.

The whole affair was ſo unexpected, and yet, of ſuch a moving, tender character, that the feelings of the entire Phalanx and aſſembled Throng were touched, and the Train moved on midſt mingled cheers and tears. The following touching Lines upon the Event are from the pen of George H. Clark, Eſq.:

Flowers from his Grave—and by his Grandchild brought!
What Emblems more could ſanctify the Scene?
Then was each Soul with tender Memories fraught,
Evoked by Her who bore that Garland green;
Strong men forgot their boaſted Manhood then,
And Eyes that ſeldom wept, with Tears were dim,—
In War's grim guiſe her Grandſire conquered men,
She, with theſe frail Memorials of Him.

Was not his ſhadowy Preſence near her there,
The while ſhe plucked thoſe Leaves and Bloſſoms wild?

And did not Seraphs, hovering in the air,
  Pronounce a Benediction on the Child?
They ſurely did—for, ſtill unſeen but ſeeing,
  The air is rife with their ſuſtaining Power,
And, all intenſified, her ſentient Being
  Communed with His in that moſt Holy Hour.

The *Providence Journal*, in commenting upon this Incident remarks, in a quiet way, as thus:

"In one marked inſtance, however, Mr. Stuart in ſpeaking for *Major* Goodwin, went quite beyond the line of delegated Duty, and ſet up for himſelf, in a manner which, if the Major is the Diſciplinarian we take him for, will bring the offender to a Court-martial. It was well enough when Miſs Holbrook placed a Wreath on the Commander's head, and a kiſs on his lips, that Mr. Stuart ſhould reply "on behalf of Major Goodwin;" it was well enough when, "on behalf of *Major* Goodwin," he thanked the Grand-daughter of *General* Putnam for her floral Gift; it was well enough when, "on behalf of *Major* Goodwin," he told her what a Good Time they had had in Boſton and Providence; but when, ſtill further, "on behalf of *Major* Goodwin," he returned the Kiſs on the Lady's own lips, it ſeems to us that the indignant Major might well have exclaimed, that however his Judge Advocate might excel him in making Speeches, there were ſome little things appertaining to his Command that he could attend to himſelf. We expect to ſee in the Hartford papers an order for a Court-martial; and although a great deal is doubtleſs to be ſaid in the way of extenuation, the offence is one that no Commander who has a proper idea of his Duties and his Rights can be expected to overlook."

At various points on the route homewards the Phalanx was ſaluted. At Baltic, the Operatives in the immenſe Mill waved their welcomes from every window, and the arrival of the Train at each Station was the ſignal for a gathering, and everywhere the Corps was greeted with enthuſiaſm.

Between Andover and Bolton the Engine gave out and the Train was delayed three hours or more—the *only* annoying circumſtance of the entire Excurſion. The regular evening Train from Providence came along and brought the Phalanx to Hartford.

THE RECEPTION AT HOME.

The Citizens of Hartford, not unmindful of the Honor conferred upon the City by the diſtinguiſhed regard with which their "Representative Men" had been received at Boſton, Charleſtown and Providence, reſolved to publicly receive the Phalanx home again in an appropriate and becoming manner. The Affair was almoſt *impromptu*. Yet, at the time of the expected arrival, at 5.20 p. m., on Friday, Oct. 7th, the Light Guard, under the command of *Capt.* Levi Woodhouſe, the Seymour Light Artillery, *Capt.* Horace Ensworth, Commandant, with the Hartford Cornet Band, the Members of the Common Council, and an immenſe concourſe of Citizens were in waiting at the Station to welcome home once more the Phalanx. The prolonged and unaccountable delay of the Train produced much anxiety leſt ſome accident of ſerious character might have happened, but at laſt, at eight o'clock, a gun from the Park announced the arrival. The Battalion was received by their Military Eſcort and marched up Aſylum through Trumbull, Church and Main ſtreets to the State Houſe, where a hollow ſquare was formed—the Phalanx in the centre.

It was eminently fitting that our diſtinguiſhed Fellow-citizen, *Ex-Gov.* Thos. H. Seymour, who but a few weeks before had himſelf received a Public Reception, after

ſix years of abſence, from his Fellow Citizens—in which Ovation the Phalanx took a prominent part—ſhould now in turn be called upon to welcome home the Phalanx. He was accordingly introduced to the Battalion by *Capt.* Enſworth, and in behalf of the Eſcort and his Fellow-citizens addreſſed them.

GOV. SEYMOUR'S WELCOME.

Major Goodwin, and Members of the Putnam Phalanx:—A few weeks ſince, on my return to this City, I received a moſt friendly Welcome from a Member of your Corps, in language ſo eloquent that it forbade a ſuitable reply on my part.

To-night the circumſtances are changed. It is *you* who have come to *us*—for I am again one of the number of your Fellow-citizens—and upon me has fallen the diſtinguiſhed Honor of receiving you in the heart of our honored City. I welcome you Home in the name and in behalf of the fine Military Eſcort which has come with you to the place where you now ſtand; in behalf of the crowd of Citizens you ſee gathered around you on every ſide; in the name of hoſts of Neighbors and Friends, and of your Fellow-citizens generally—in the name and behalf of all theſe, I heartily welcome the Phalanx back to Hartford.

We meaſure Time, it is ſaid, by *Events*, rather than by Hours and Days. Tried by this ſtandard, your viſit to Bunker Hill has a deep ſignificance. It is an Event. It has come to be hiſtoric; ſomething worthy of all remembrance. You have been there, not as individuals merely, but as a Corps;—you wore the Coſtume of '76; you bore the honored name of PUTNAM on your Banner; you carried in your boſoms the glorious Memories of the Times in which he lived, and the Scenes in which he was engaged. You were not the mere Spectators of outward and viſible things, but you held Communion with the unforgotten Dead. Your viſit to the memorable Heights of Charleſtown had its fulleſt effect on you as a Corps. You have been where your Forefathers thrice repulſed the Troops of King George; when glancing your eyes down the ſlope of that Hill, you felt as they felt, when driving back the Train-bands of the King. You have ſeen, in ſpirit, the heroic Fight; you have heard the voice of the Captains, and the ſhouting. Your feet have preſſed the Ground where

Warren fell; where, from the fibrous mould, came up the words of the expiring Martyr:—"It is ſweet and pleaſant to die for one's Country."

Circumſtances like theſe give to your viſit to Bunker Hill the character of an Event, rather than the journey of a Day. We are glad to ſee you back again. Your Fellow-citizens rejoice to greet the Phalanx on this occaſion of their return to the City. They are delighted with the accounts they have received of the never-to-be forgotten viſit of the Aſſociation to the Shrine of our Country's Independence.

It has pleaſed your Fellow-citizens to hear of the attentions the Aſſociation has everywhere received on their way to and from Boſton —of the Welcome extended to the Phalanx by their Honors the Mayors of Boſton, and Charleſtown, and Providence;—of their meeting with Mr. Everett; of the entertainment given them at Boſton by one of their valued Members;—of their Excurſion to Providence, and the very cordial Reception they were honored with at that City.

[Gov. S. reiterated the pleaſure it gave their Fellow-citizens to ſee the Corps ſafely back again. Anxiety had been felt at the failure of the cars to arrive at the hour the Phalanx were expected—an anxiety happily removed at laſt.]

Major Goodwin, your Fellow-citizens have taken the deepeſt intereſt in the journey of your Corps. They have followed your courſe, and rejoiced at the attentions paid you. I once more welcome you and the Members of the Phalanx to Hartford, a City which is proud of the Corps. Welcome to the ſcene of your labors and of your triumphs. Long may the Phalanx maintain its preſent Strength and Organization, honored from year to year with renewed tokens of the Reſpect and Confidence of their Fellow-citizens.

Major Goodwin called upon *Acting Sergeant* Sill to reſpond to this Welcome:

SERGEANT SILL'S REPLY.

Sir:—Permit me to tender you the thanks of the Putnam Phalanx for this Welcome home. We return, not with the trophies of War, like the ancient Armies who came home from Conqueſts with elephants in their train bearing the ſpoils of conquered Territory and pillaged Cities, but with grateful Hearts and the Victory of Peace. It is ſaid that the Grecians were ten years conquering Troy; but we

have conquered three Cities in leſs than four days! We have entered their walls, we have ſat down and eaten, we have lain down and ſlept within their Palaces. And we ſay it with pride, though not boaſtingly, that three Cities have laid down their arms before the victorious Phalanx, and the Charleſtown Navy Yard opened wide its gates, though never before invaded by a Military Company.

Yet we return with a ſenſe of pleaſure at arriving Home, which our victories elſewhere have not excited, and with a feeling that there is indeed no ſweeter place on earth than Home! Therefore it is, that we ſhould be pardoned if we are more grateful for this cordial Greeting by our Friends, than for the attentions paid us elſewhere, and above all we are thankful for this fine Eſcort, ſo finely and kindly tendered, and your determination to await our arrival through long and anxious hours, commends your Goodneſs ſtill more to our Gratitude. We feel grateful that we have, as Repreſentatives of the Citizens of Hartford, achieved a greater Victory by our peaceful Triumphs, than he that goeth forth to Battle. I believe I confine myſelf to the facts, when I ſay that we have done more than any other agency, to command Reſpect for our City from the places we have viſited, and to cement the Bonds of Friendſhip exiſting between them, making them feel that ours were common wants, common intereſts and common feelings. We thank you again for your Eſcort on this occaſion, and as we have enjoyed ourſelves ſo well this time, and as it is natural for us to endeavor to enjoy ourſelves as much as poſſible, during the brief ſpace allotted us while here, it is not impoſſible we may go again to Bunker Hill.

Major Commandant Goodwin advanced with the Wreath of Flowers received at Mooſup Station and ſaid:

Fellow-citizens:—A young Lady placed theſe flowers around my neck—ſome of them were plucked to-day, from the Grave of *General* Putnam!

Loud cheers were given for *Gov.* Seymour, the Eſcort and the Battalion. In reſponſe to an enthuſiaſtic call, *Judge Advocate* Stuart came forward and ſaid that he had almoſt exhauſted his voice in reſponding to the

Welcomes the Battalion had received from the people of Boſton, Charleſtown and Providence, and in endeavoring to do juſtice to the local and national ſubjects which, at Bunker Hill and at Providence, had forced themſelves upon the notice of the Battalion. He was happy, however, to reſpond to the call from his Fellow-citizens and to thank them for this endorſement of their Viſit, thereby endorſing the Principles that lie at the Baſis of all our Inſtitutions and inſure our Proſperity. After the handſome reſponſe of *Sergeant* Sill, it was unneceſſary for him, he ſaid, to add anything to expreſs the warm appreciation of the Battalion for this ſpontaneous Welcome of their Fellow-citizens. He truſted that the Phalanx in their Journeyings had been properly repreſentative of the City and had reflected Honor upon the Old Charter Oak State.

In reſponſe to a call, *Aſſiſtant Commiſſary* Deming ſaid that it would afford him great pleaſure under more favorable circumſtances, to give his Fellow-citizens an account of the Reception the Battalion had met with in the Metropolis of New England, and in the hoſpitable City of Providence. But, although ſuch a narrative might be gratifying to thoſe who had ſtaid at home, it would be weariſome to the Battalion. The Phalanx have already informally reſolved to put upon record, in ſome permanent ſhape, an Account of their memorable Expedition, and the curioſity of thoſe who with to hear of it will be probably gratified.

Major Goodwin here called on the Battalion for three cheers for the Citizens of Hartford, which were given with a will; then, eſcorted by the two Companies, the Phalanx marched to the City Hall, where, after a few

words of commendation and congratulation, the Chaplain, *Rev.* Aſher Moore, offered a Prayer of Thankſgiving and the Phalanx was diſmiſſed.

[From the Hartford Daily Times.]

RETURN OF THE PUTNAM PHALANX

FROM THEIR EXCURSION TO BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

Come back,—come back to us,
Nor longer ſeek to roam;
We've heard your Welcome from afar,
And give the Welcome home!
We watch'd you as you went
With martial ſtep and eye,
Your gorgeous Banner floating out
Upon the autumnal Sky.

Your Leader at your head,
Alert, erect and bold,
As tho' his threeſcore years and ten
Had ſcarcely half been told:
Your ancient Plumes we mark'd,
And glittering in the Sun,
The Coſtume of our bleſſed Sires
Who ſtood with Waſhington.

You've been at Bunker Hill,
But not the foe to meet,
And win that blood-bought victory,
The Britons call'd *defeat.*
Saw ye that Hero's form
In glorious viſion there,
Whoſe Name is graven on your ſhield?
Whoſe Banner-ſtaff ye bear?

And heard ye not his Voice
That ruled the battle dread,
Still echoing from that lofty Shrine,
Where ſleep the patriot Dead?
Charging your Phalanx fair
In every change to be

The Bulwark of its Native Land,
For Law and Liberty?

You've ſought *his* claſſic dome,
Whoſe eloquence ſublime
Doth make Mount Vernon and its lord
A theme throughout our Clime.
Your Demoſthenean power
Made his high ſpirit leap,
Whoſe jewel'd Memory link'd with theirs,
Unſwerving Fame ſhall keep.

Thanks, Athens! for the cheer
You on our Braves beſtow'd,
Thanks, ſiſter Rhoda! for the ſmile
That o'er your features glow'd.
A Mother for her ſons
Treaſuring all Honor ſhown,
Connecticut with added Pride,
Thus welcomes back her own.

L. H. S.

Friday Evening, 8 *o'clock, Oct.* 7, 1859.

[From the Hartford Daily Times.]

THE RETURN.

Io Triumphe! The Phalanx forever!
Unfurl your proud Flag to its own native breezes;
Let the Cynic who ſneered at your early endeavor,
In this Hour of Fruition ſtill ſneer if he pleaſes;
And let the dull Fogies and mortified Croakers
Perſiſt in their futile attempts to be witty—
They 're ſubjects themſelves for more jubilant jokers
Who ſhow the unfortunate Victims no pity.

Io Triumphe! The Phalanx, victorious,
Returns from its foray in foreign Plantations,
And meets with ſuch Greeting and Welcome, uproarious,
As thrills ev'ry Soul with delicious ſenſations.

'T is hard to tell which of the two is the proudeſt,
The Soldierly Troop or the Concourſe ſurrounding;
While excited Outſiders are ſhouting their loudeſt,
Your own heaving breaſts betray Hearts that are bounding.

Io Triumphe! This, this is the hour
When ſinewy Strength and tall Intellects mingle;
When the thews and the wits, with a multiplied power,
Cauſe nerves of admiring Beholders to tingle.
It is Carnival time:—and a rich Gratulation
Is rained on the heads of the Soldiers, returning,
All wreathed with the bays of a triple Ovation—
Fit tribute to Genius, Worth, Manhood, and Learning.

Io Triumphe! Bewildered with Bleſſings!—
And yet all your honors ſo gallantly wearing!
Linked with Man's homage and Woman's careſſings,
O who would not wiſh in your Paſt to be ſharing.
You 've a grand Picture-gallery for future enjoyment,
Where Memory gilds ev'ry ſcene as Elyſian,
And furniſhes Dreamers with ſweeteſt employment,
As Time only ſtrengthens the mental eye's viſion.

Io Triumphe! All ſcathleſs and hearty
You come, overſhadowed with Laurels and Roſes:
Your Gonfalon, under the ſmiles of ASTARTE,
Like Fame's adumbration, in Brightneſs repoſes.
Welcome, then, Soldiers, once more to home duties;
Welcome, thrice welcome, Battalion all glorious!
Reſplendent with Garlands from large-hearted Beauties,
Your manifold Trophies proclaim you victorious!

C.

At a regularly called Meeting of the Putnam Phalanx, held at their Armory on the evening of Oct. 11th, the following Reſolutions were unanimouſly adopted, and, by order, were publiſhed in the City Papers the next day, and alſo in Boſton and Providence Papers:

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, the *Putnam Phalanx*, upon its recent Excurſion abroad, has been received with hearty Welcome and unbounded Hoſpitalities; therefore

Reſolved, That to the Mayors of the cities of Boſton, Charleſtown and Providence, for their eloquent ſpeeches of Welcome to the Phalanx, and for the cheering Hoſpitalities of their homes—and to thoſe of the Municipal Authorities of theſe reſpective Cities who participated in our Reception—and the noble Policemen of theſe Cities, who ſo effectually guarded our March through their ſtreets—this Phalanx tenders its heartieſt Thanks.

Reſolved, That to the gallant Charleſtown City Guard, *Capt.* Boyd, Commander, for its beautiful Eſcort, long and heartily continued, and for its bountiful Collation at its Armory, this Phalanx feels under the deepeſt obligations—as it alſo does to the ſplendid Second Battalion of Boſton, *Major* Rogers, Commander, for its attentive Eſcort, and for the free uſe of its Armory. The martial port and bearing of theſe conſpicuous Companies, and the attentions ſo handſomely beſtowed by their Officers, demand, and they receive at our hands our particular Thanks.

Reſolved, That we tender our particular Thanks to *Commodore* Hudſon, Commandant of the Navy Yard at Charleſtown, for the exceedingly courteous manner in which he received the Phalanx, and for his happy remarks upon the Occaſion.

Reſolved, That for the courteous and graceful Review upon the Boſton Common, beſtowed by the Mayor of Boſton and his aſſociate authorities, and by the Mayor of Charleſtown, and by *Adjutant General* Stone and his noble Staff, our Phalanx feels under grateful obligation.

Reſolved, That to the impoſing Battalion of Providence Light Infantry, for their Eſcort and for the truly magnificent Banquet which they gave to the Phalanx—and for their preſentation of a fragment of the Roger Williams Rock, and for the many kind and eloquent Words of Greeting which they extended, both in public and in private, to our Phalanx, we tender our heartfelt Thanks. They have laid us under a deep and laſting debt of Gratitude, which we ſhall be ever willing, but know not how to repay.

Reſolved, That we tender our cordial thanks to the *Hon.* Edward Everett, to *Hon.* Richard Frothingham, Jr., to the *Hon.* George Washington Warren, the Preſident of the Bunker Hill Monument Aſſociation, and to *Dr.* Sears, the Preſident of Brown Univerſity, for the highly eloquent and inſtructive remarks with which they greeted our Battalion.

Reſolved, That to thoſe Ladies of Providence who ſhowered upon our Battalion the perfumed hoſpitality of beautiful bouquets—and to Miſs Mary Putnam Holbrook, of Brooklyn, Conn., who at Mooſup Station ſo gracefully beſtowed upon our Commander a ſplendid Wreath—our eſpecial thanks are due. Their Preſents were received with lively ſatisfaction, and we wiſh to the fair Donors, in return, every happineſs.

Reſolved, That to E. L. Davenport, Eſq., of Boſton, for his polite invitation to the Howard Athenæum—to the Maſons of the ſame city for their proffer of civilities to many members of our Corps—to *Private* Ellſworth, of the ſame city and alſo of our Battalion, the hoſpitality of whoſe dwelling was ſumptuous and prodigal—to the Commandant of the Providence Light Infantry, *Col.* Brown, and *Commiſſary* Davis, for the abounding hoſpitality of their manſions—and to all who in any way aided, in any of the Cities we have viſited, to make our ſtay agreeable—we tender the aſſurance of our lively Gratitude.

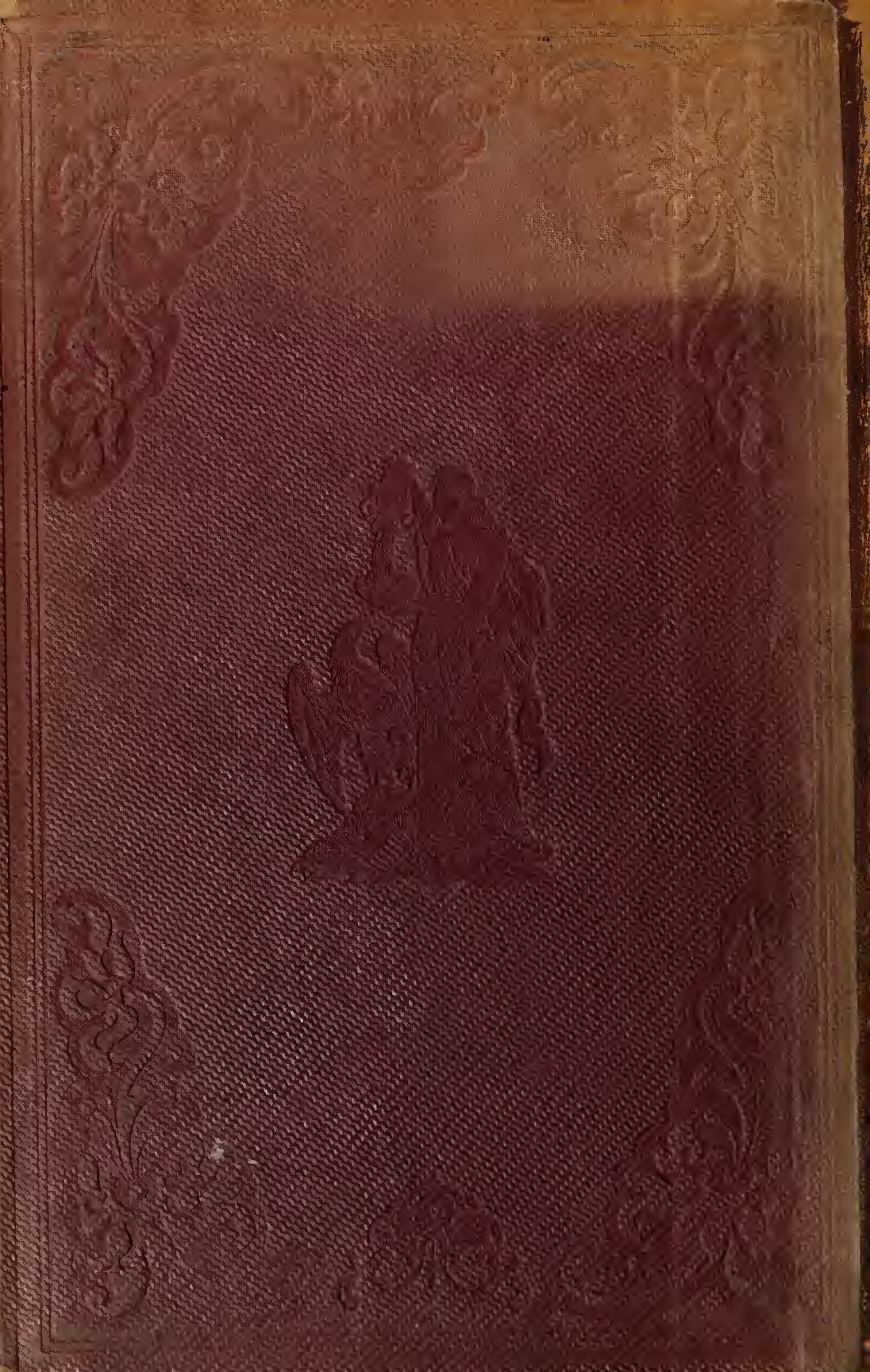
Reſolved, That we thank the Artillery Corps of Boſton and of Pawtucket, and thoſe of Warehouſe Point, who honored us with Salutes—as we do alſo the Willimantic Band for its muſic at the Station in their village, which the haſte of the Railroad engineer compelled us, unwillingly, to paſs without a ſtop.

Reſolved, That our efficient Hoſts of the United States Hotel in Boſton, and of the Earl Houſe in Providence, deſerve and receive our Thanks for their timely attention to all our wants—as do alſo the Officers and Managers of the Railroads over which we have paſſed—and Citizens, generally, wherever they have miniſtered to our comfort and pleaſure.

Reſolved, That to the Hartford Light Guard, *Capt.* Woodhouſe, and the Seymour Light Artillery, *Capt.* Enſworth, of our city, for their cheering eſcort upon our arrival home—to our diſtinguiſhed Fellow-citizen *Gov.* Seymour, for the eloquent words with which he welcomed us—and to our Fellow-citizens generally, who aſſembled

to greet our coming—we tender our heartfelt Acknowledgments. It is indeed a grateful reflection to us all, that the Abſence of the Phalanx was watched with pleaſant ſolicitude, and its Return hailed with proud Satisfaction.

HORACE GOODWIN, *Major Commandant.*

J. M. Sexton, *Secretary.*

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